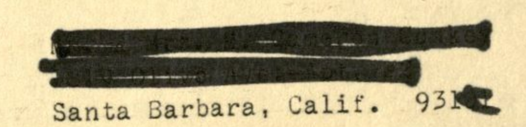
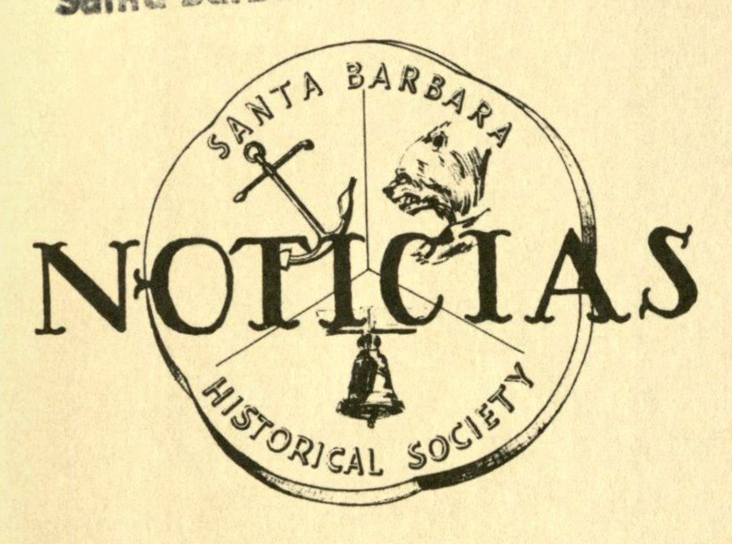
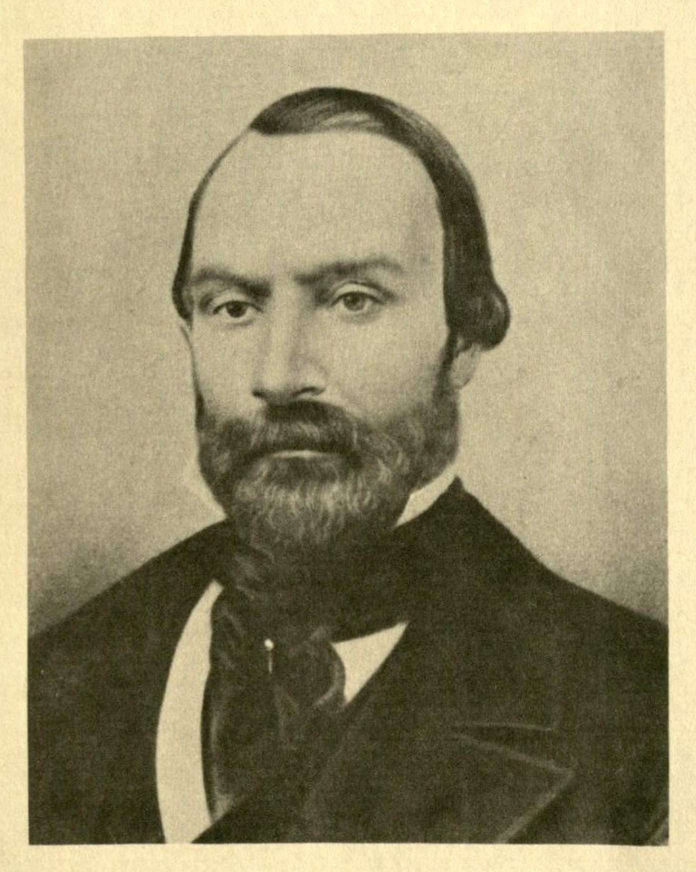
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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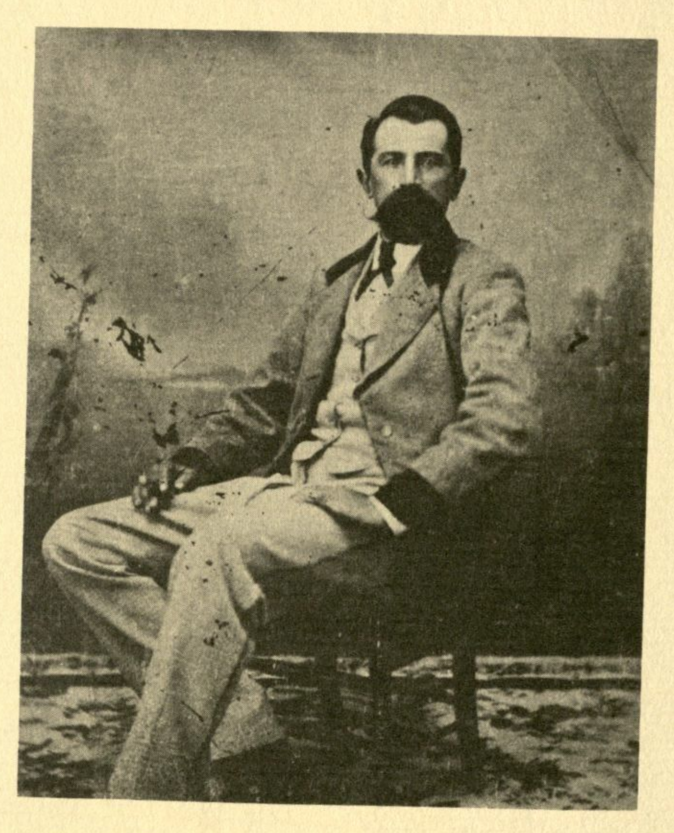

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Santa Barbara, Calif. 931[redacted]





José Lobero

Vol. XX, No. 1 Spring, 1974



Florintino Bonilla as a young man

Cover: Charcoal portrait of José Lobero by an unknown artist. Loaned to the Lobero Foundation by its owner, Mrs. Thomas Moreno (Mary Beatrice Lobero) of Carpinteria, and published with her permission.

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

"I KNEW JOSÉ LOBERO"

By
FLORENTINO BONILLA
As Told to Michael J. Phillips

FOREWARD

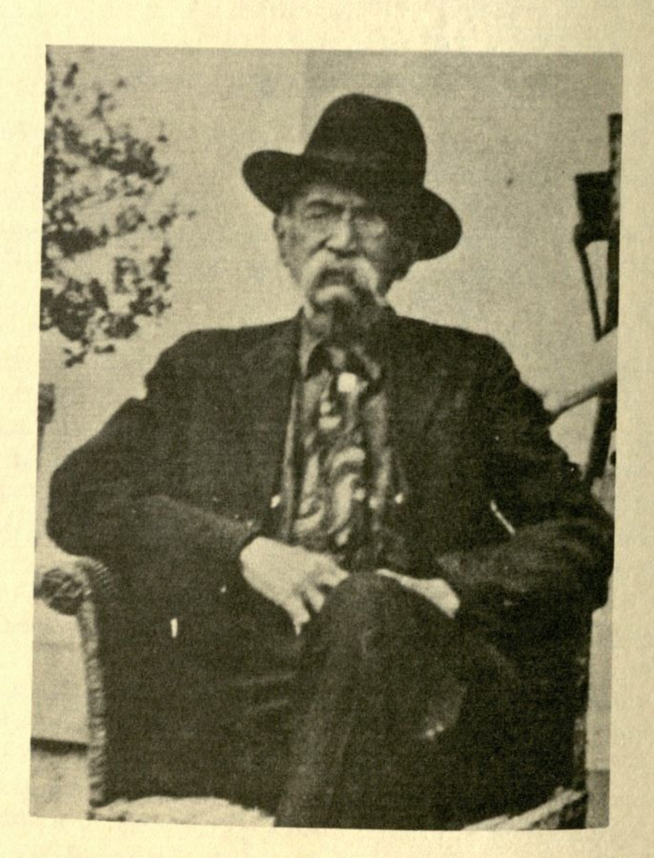
The name of José Lobero is familiar to most Santa Barbarans. The beautiful white playhouse which stands diagonally across the street from the post office bears his name. An office building, formerly Margaret Baylon Inn, a scant half block away also carries that name. But relatively few people know the story of the man whose name has been memorialized by these structures.

Late last month, on February 22nd, Washington's birthday, a coalition of four organizations took it upon themselves to remedy the situation by installing a bronze plaque on a large boulder in front of the theatre. A formal ceremony was attended by a sizeable number of historically-minded individuals, among them representatives of the sponsors of the event: The State Department of Parks and Recreation, the County of Santa Barbara, The Lobero Theatre Foundation, and Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304, Native Daughters of the Golden West.

The plaque recalls this as the site of the original Lobero Theatre which opened on this date one hundred years ago, and names the sponsors of the dedication of State Historical Landmark No. 361.

At a luncheon preceding the formal ceremony Mrs. Ben C. Dismuke, long officially connected with the N.D.G.W., read an account of the life of José Lobero which had been written by Michael J. Phillips, the then managing editor of the Santa Barbara Daily News. It was a first-person narrative as told to the editor by Florentino Bonilla, grandfather of well-known I. A. (Ike) Bonilla whose collection of historical photographs is a frequent source of identification for local historians. The original article in question first appeared in the Santa Barbara Daily News on September 16, 1922, forty-two years ago.

Noticias, recognizing the rare historical character of this narrative as well as the charm of its style, has asked for the privilege of re-printing the story to add its recognition of the Lobero Centennial and to pay its tribute to this truly remarkable early Santa Barbara benefactor.—Ed.



Florintino Bonilla in 1922

Señor,—I am an old man, yet things are not so bad. I am lame, and I use a crutch, but I do not complain. I live at 915 Santa Barbara Street. This town has been my home since 1869.

You want to know about José Lobero? I knew him, of course, from the time I was a small boy and we both lived in San Luis Obispo. I will tell you about him.

I lived on La Cuesta Ranch, three miles the other side of San Luis Obispo, and I would go into town with my father. It was in the fifties that José Lobero came to San Luis Obispo.

"A Man of Fine Presence"

He was a wandering minstrel, with a talent for music, a fine presence, and a way of capturing peoples' hearts. In those days I suppose, he was maybe 40 years old — a big, fine man in his prime. He was six feet tall and powerfully built. He carried himself proudly — erect, his broad shoulders back. He had a full black beard, black as the old crow's wing.

And dress — he always dressed like a dandy — the finest of clothes, and very carefully kept. He was the best dressed man in all the country.

He was an Italian, and they say he played the trombone for the King of Italy before he left his native land to wander over this new world. The trombone or the piano, or almost anything else — it was all one to him, but he loved the trombone best.

He was wonderfully educated in music, but he had little book learning. He got his education in life and manners from the people he met.

"The Cantina In San Luis"

He liked San Luis when he got there on his wanderings, and San Luis liked him. At first he played in a cantina or saloon. That place became popular — they all came to hear the great musician — to joke with him, and to laugh with him.

In those times he was bubbling over with good humor. He liked to crack jokes and drink with his friends.

Well — a baker named Augustine Alvarelli — another Italian, saw that with José he could make money. So, together they started a saloon. Alvarelli tended to his ovens, but Lobero ran the Cantina. All the ranchers and the men of the town crowded in from the very first.

"They Made Fine Music"

There was a piano there and José found an Americano to play it, while he would play the trombone, — some fine concerts — afternoons and evenings, no? And when the Americano was not there, Lobero was so good that

the crowds did not miss the other. José could play for them and entertain them by his joking.

He left that country ten years before I did — it was, I suppose, around 1859 that he came to Santa Barbara. I stayed until 1869, when I went to Guadalsca Ranch, the other side of Ventura, as foreman for the Yorbas. I was the Major Domo.

When old man Yorba died, his widow came to town and lived in the Harmer house — you call it now — on De la Guerra Plaza. I came too, to look after her. Later I drove the stage from here to the south.

They tell me that when José Lobero came to Santa Barbara he was a stranger, and of course not very well regarded. You see, he was not known. But he was lucky — for just about that time the great man, El Capitan — Don José Noriega de la Guerra, died.

"Don José's Funeral Band"

Hastily, Lobero picked up a band. He went around among the musicians, drilled them a little — for there was not much time — and led them in the funeral procession, playing the slow music.

That made him a great favorite with the De la Guerra family, and Don Pablo remained his intimate for the rest of Pablo's life. When Pablo died, some years after, Lobero had a regular band, and a very fine one, — that marched in the funeral — and I carried the flag.

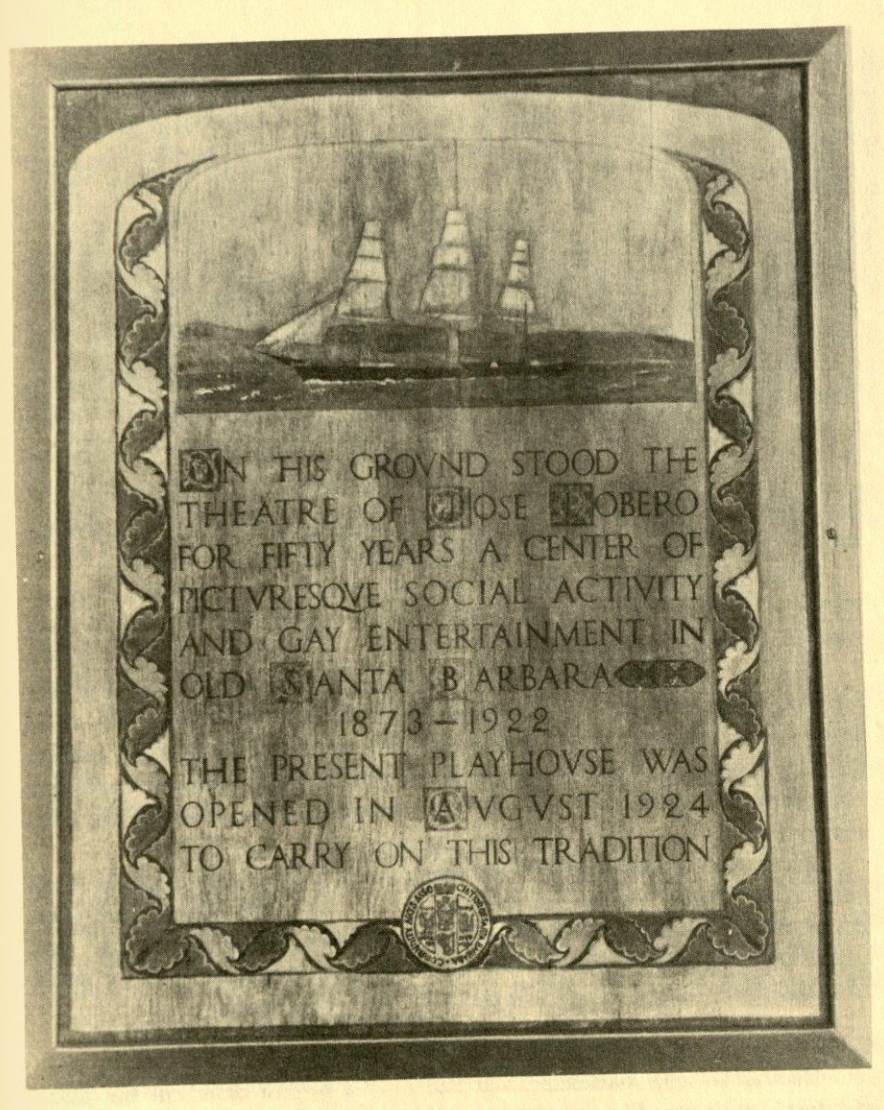
Do not forget that José Lobero was an artistic soul. Music, the fine arts, they appealed to him. He painted pictures, good ones too, for a man who had so little of education in painting. They say — but this I do not know — for I was not here — that he lived at first in an adobe where now stands the Y.M.C.A. building*, — and that some of his paintings were on its walls when he moved away, and the old adobe was then used as a coffee house.

**Carrillo and Chapala Streets.*

"Opened Saloon and Billiard Hall"

Some years after he came here, Lobero got himself a saloon and billiard hall. He owned the corner where now stands the Commercial Bank** — his building was about where is the Red Cross Drug Store. It was not square with the street, but was set on a slant. His home was back of where the Gas office is, on East Canon Perdido. Of course, the buildings now around there were not built then.

***S. E. corner State and Canon Perdido Streets.*



Plaque of the Community Arts Association

"New Theatre Is Built"

It was about 50 years ago now that Lobero was deep in his plans for the new theatre. It was dedicated, you know, by a theatrical attraction, on February 22nd 1873. I don't know, but about this time in 1872 he began work on it.

There was a schoolhouse on the lot on East Canon Perdido, near Anacapa, that he bought for the theatre, and he used that for the front, with some little changes. Behind it he laid up the adobe walls. The adobe bricks were made by Loretto Rodriguez, Narcisco Allegria, (that name means "happiness"), and another, Labrada.

The adobe was found near the corner of Carrillo and Santa Barbara Streets and east of Santa Barbara Street. The bricks were hauled to the theatre in the careta, or ox cart.

"Was His Own Foreman"

Who was the superintendent, the foreman on the building? Why, Lobero himself. He was what you call, the boss on the job, and he did well.

That old frame front remained on the theatre for about ten years, — maybe until 1884 — and then the one which was to be torn down now *(sic)* was put up. It had stood that way ever since.

Lobero had a band and an orchestra for his theatre. He did not play for dances. He was too much occupied with those other things. He would write operas, or plays, direct them while they were being rehearsed, leading his orchestra too, and then he would produce the play. Sometimes there were road shows too, but Lobero's were better most times than those of the travelers.

There was no piano in his cantina in Santa Barbara. He had his trombone in the house, which you see was not far from the saloon, and when it was not so busy in the afternoon, he would slip over there to play. The strains of the trombone would float out on the still, warm air, and we would all listen. Señor — that man could play! He was a real artist.

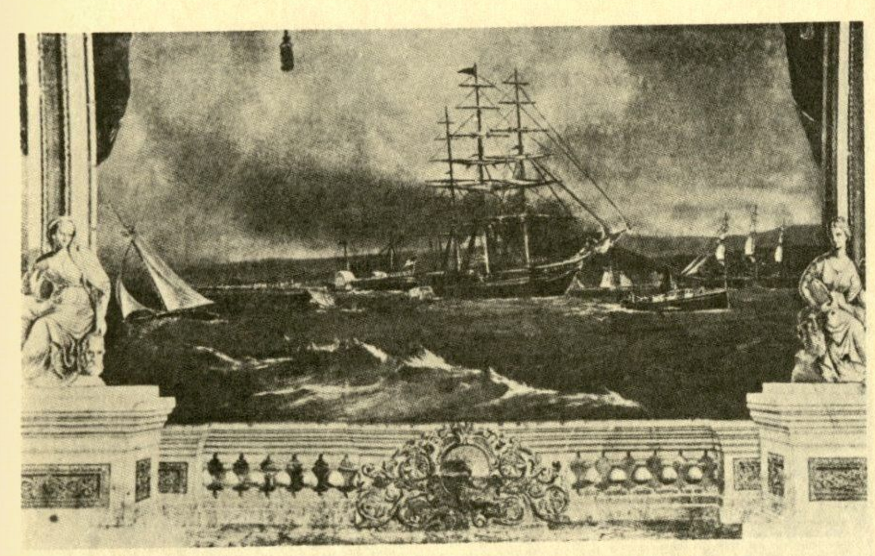
"Misfortune Fell Upon Him"

He was his own bartender, and had only a boy to clean out the place. He drank quite steadily, — always whisky — but he was never drunk. He was jovial and happy — always joking and laughing.

But time went on and he became an old man. Misfortune fell upon him. He made lots of money, but it slipped through his fingers. He could not keep it, and I will tell you why.

He was a very stubborn sort of a man under all his humor. If he said it was night, though it was broad day, — then night it was. He would argue with you until the night did come.

And he had a belief in his head that he was going to make his fortune out of gold in the mountains around here. There were lots of men who



Famous curtain brought from San Francisco by Lobero

would prospect in the hills. They made Santa Barbara their headquarters, and they always went to Lobero's saloon.

They would tell José that they were just about to strike it. They would bring in pieces of rock which showed little flecks of gold. Sometimes, I know, those flecks were put in there because they shot a golden bullet into the rock.

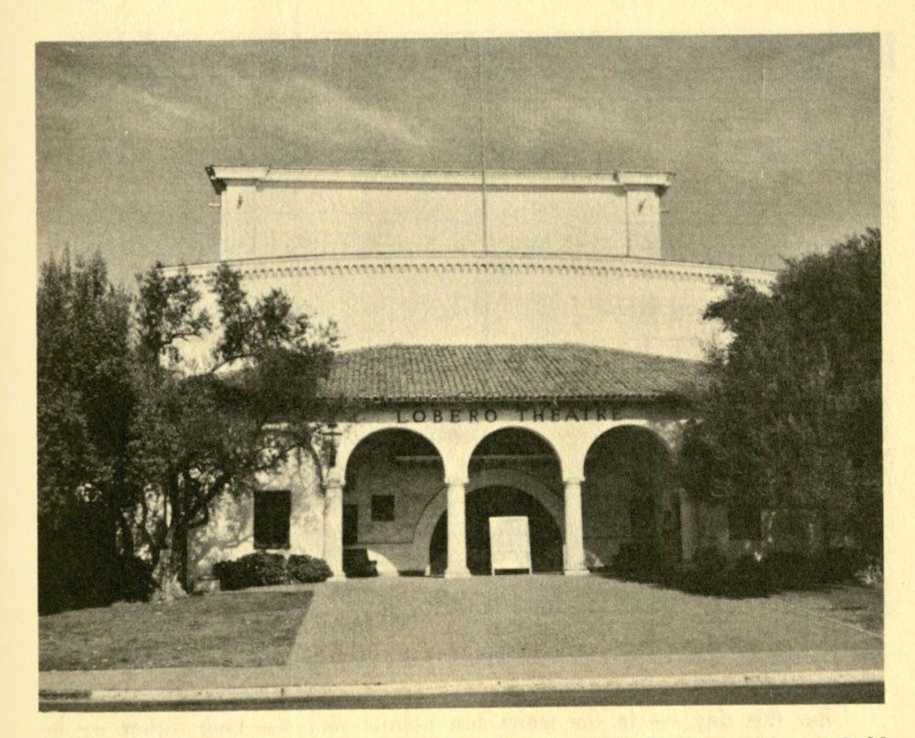
"How He Lost His Money"

José would be very excited and would, what you call "grubstake" them. He gave them food and money, picks and shovels — much wine and whiskey and drills. They would go off into the mountains, and lay around for three months. Then they would shoot another golden bullet and come back with a new specimen to fool José Lobero.

In his house there were great long shelves of those samples that the rascals had brought him, and by which they drained him of his good money. He knew that they were fooling him, for sometimes he would say, laughing half at them and half at himself: "Well, now are we going to be rich for sure! Here comes another of them — right from a vein of pure gold up in the hills. What you want, Señor, — some whiskey into which to dip your drill?"

His wife would get very angry with him. She could see that their money was going, and that they were getting nothing, but he was stubborn and he always had ideas that some day he would strike it rich and he would have a great deal of gold. He would say: "Just once more — let's give them one more chance."

Old Lobero Theatre



There was on the Lobero Theatre a mortgage for $2000 which was held by Miss Leonora Malo. He began to worry about that. The Chapapietras lived down in Ventura and they thought the world of him. They were rich, and he would ride down on the stage with me to see them. I think he got money on those trips too, for he would be quite glad for awhile when he came back.

This was early in the 90's. Things went from bad to worse. He lost the theatre, and Herb Rogers became the manager. He lost the saloon, too. Really, he was bankrupt, but they let him live in his adobe house just the same. They would not take that away.

Even in those lean and sad days, those rascals and lazy ones who had fooled him, would come with their lying samples to him. They could not see in their selfishness that he was down. They were trying to wheedle just a little more out of him.

On such times I heard him say: "Go! No more for you. There is no more to give! You have taken it all!"

He made another trip to the Chapapietras. They urged him to come to Ventura with his trombone and spend the rest of his life with them. But he was proud and he would not do it.

"The Great Man Fallen"

I can see him now as he would stand in a sort of dream in front of the cantina that once had been his. That glossy black beard was now white as snow — and the long, proud frame was stooped somewhat. He wore a long linen duster, and a white helmet.

He did not go to church much, although he attended the sacraments and was a good Catholic that way. Also, he was very generous to the church. In fact, he was open-handed with everybody. If you were his friend, he would spend his money on you as though it had no value, or he would give it to you.

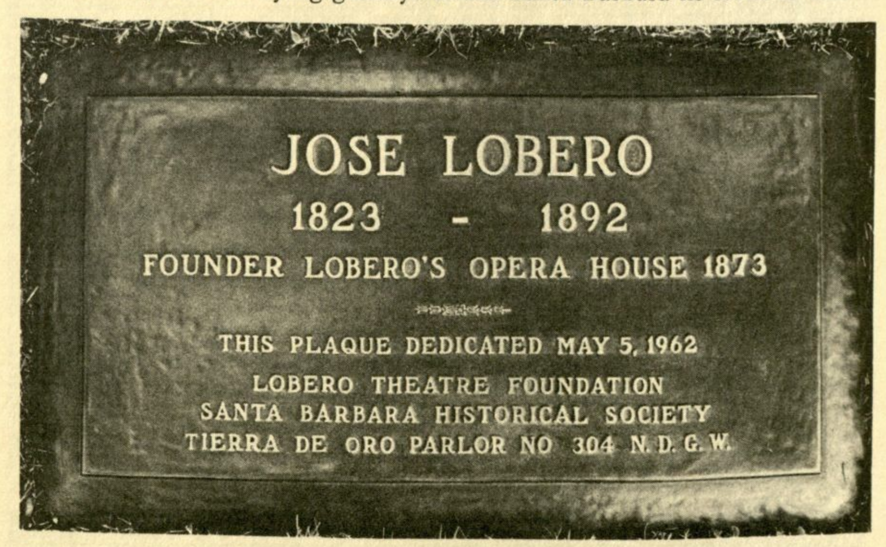
I remember a funny looking little old man, Domingo Grondona, gave him a cane. I was lame, and he gave it to me. It is a fine cane, with a bone handle, and a straight stick of wood which may be cherry. I have no use for it now, for I lean on a crutch, and I have given it to Mr. Hoffmann* to keep in memory of the great Lobero.

"He Bids His Town Farewell"

Well, during those sad times, people were surprised to see him one day take a long walk. He did not care for horseback riding, or going out into the mountains hunting or anything like that. He liked to stay in the town with his friends and near the places which held his heart — his cantina, his theatre, and his home.

But this day — in the white sun helmet and the long duster — he walked slowly down one side of the street, clear to the beach, and back on the other; speaking to those he knew, and looking and nodding at the buildings and the sea. When he came back, he went up even beyond the Arlington. Some saw him and thought it strange.

Señor, he was saying goodbye to the Santa Barbara he loved so well.





Commemorative plaque near the entrance of the Lobero Theatre and unveiled February 22, 1974.

"José Lobero Passes On"

For it was only two or three days later that he sent his wife away to one of her relatives for something. It was early in the morning, for he always arose with the sun. And the man who lived across the street noticed after awhile that the baker, as was his custom, had left the loaf of fresh bread at José Lobero's door, and he had not come out to get it.

So this man went over through the dust and peered in between the slats of the green blinds on Lobero's house. He saw him lying there in the main room, and there was a great commotion.

He had placed the end of his revolver in his mouth and shot himself. The burden of life had become too great to bear. He had dressed himself carefully in his best clothes, and he seemed asleep and content at last.

His wife lived for perhaps ten years thereafter, and she, too, died. Lobero came to America and left his kin behind. But it became his country, and he would have no other. Many have crossed the ocean and not done so much for America's upbuilding as he did.

This is the story of José Lobero, Señor, and I hope you will treat his memory kindly — for he was a great man — my friend.

**Bernard Hoffmann who restored the De la Guerra mansion and built El Paseo*

Postscript by Mrs. Ben C. Dismuke

José Lobero was born Guiseppe Lobero in 1823 in Genoa, Italy. His father was Cayentano and his mother, Catarina Lobero. He changed his name to the Spanish José. He came to San Luis Obispo in the 1850's and to Santa Barbara some nine years later. In 1862, on September 28, at the age of 35, according to the marriage records of Santa Ynez Mission, he was married to Clara Cota, age 44. Clara was the daughter of Francisco and Maria de Jesus Olivera. He died in Santa Barbara on June 28, 1892 and was buried in an unmarked grave which so remained until seventy years later when members of Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304 learned this from News-Press historian Walker A. Tompkins in 1961.

The Santa Barbara Historical Society and the Lobero Foundation were invited to join with the N.D.G.W. in providing a proper marker for the grave of the man who had given so much of himself to Santa Barbara. As a result, on May 5, 1962, a handsome bronze marker bearing the following inscription was placed on his grave, located in the Santa Barbara Cemetery in Grave Space 239, Island Section: "José Lobero — 1823-1892. Founder Lobero's Opera House 1873. This plaque dedicated May 5, 1962. Lobero Theatre Foundation, Santa Barbara Historical Society, Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304, N.D.G.W."

The Program

To complete the record of the foregoing event, this is the program as distributed to those attending the ceremony.

P R O G R A M

Greetings
Mrs. Richard S. Miles, President
Lobero Theatre Foundation

Pledge of Allegiance
Led by Mrs. Wm. B. Ellis, Third Vice President
and History and Landmarks Chairman
Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304
Native Daughters of the Golden West

Invocation
Rev. Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., Archivist-Historian
Santa Barbara Mission Archive Library

Introduction of Distinguished Guests

Mrs. B. C. Dismuke, Past Grand President
Native Daughters of the Golden West
Hon. David T. Shiffman, Mayor
City of Santa Barbara
Hon. Charles F. Catterlin, Chairman
Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors
Hon. W. Don MacGillivray
California State Assemblyman
Hon. Robert Lagomarsino
California State Senator
Mrs. Leonard Hummel, Grand Marshal
Native Daughters of the Golden West
Representing Grand President Mrs. Marie Landini
Rev. Noel F. Moholy, O.F.M., Member
Representing California State Historical Landmarks Advisory Committee

Brief History of the Lobero Theatre

Roger A. Clarke, Executive Director
Lobero Theatre Foundation

Dedication of Plaque

Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304
Native Daughters of the Golden West
Mrs. B. C. Dismuke, Past Grand President
Miss Maria Geier, First Vice President
Mrs. Wm. B. Ellis, Third Vice President

Unveiling of Plaque

Hon. Charles F. Catterlin, Chairman of the
Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors
Mrs. Wm. B. Ellis, Niece of the late Samuel J. Stanwood,
former long-time Santa Barbara County Supervisor and Civic Leader

Benediction

Rev. Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., Archivist-Historian
Santa Barbara Mission Archive Library

Hosts for Refreshments and Reception

Members of the Lobero Theatre Foundation
and Tierra de Oro Parlor No. 304
Native Daughters of the Golden West

OLD SPANISH DAYS GOLDEN JUBILEE, 1974

In 1924, as a promotional effort when planning for the opening of the new Lobero Theatre on the site of the original Lobero Theatre, the Community Arts Association sponsored a gala four-day celebration called "Old Spanish Days".

The opening play at the Lobero was "Beggar on Horseback" and the audiences for the three-day run came from all over Southern California. (See the program cover on next page). For details of the history of Old Spanish Days and other Santa Barbara festivals, see NOTICIAS, Vol. XII, No. 3, Summer, 1966.

This year, 1974 Old Spanish Days is celebrating its 50th anniversary with many innovations, among them the formal opening of the beautiful half-million dollar Carriage Museum located in Pershing Park near the old "Car Barn" where for years the parade floats and vintage carriages were stored.

The Fiesta dates this year are August 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11. More than fifty separate events are planned, many of them free to the public. Program brochures will be available at Fiesta Headquarters, 1122 No. Milpas Street, after June 1st.

The Second National Historic Preservation Week has been declared in a joint resolution of the Congress and issued by the President of the United States. The date is May 5, 1974.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMBERSHIPS

Classes of membership: Benefactor, \$5000.00 or more; Life, \$1000.00; Patron, \$500.00; Fellow, \$100.00; Associate, \$50.00; Contributing, \$25.00; Sustaining, \$10.00; Active, \$7.50; Student, \$5.00.

. Contributions to the Society are tax exempt.

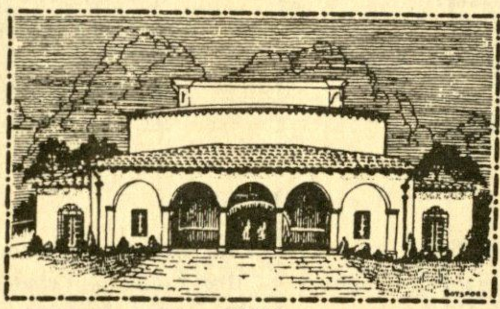
Mailing Address:
136 East De la Guerra Street • Santa Barbara, California 93101

"Beggar on Horseback"

Presented by

Community Arts Players

August Fourth to Sixteenth



Nineteen Hundred Twenty Four

OPENS

THE LOBERO THEATRE

SANTA BARBARA

Old Spanish Days --- August 13-16 Inclusive

Old Spanish Days Fiesta, organized this year, is an attempt to establish as an annual event a few days of festivities in Santa Barbara in which all the people can participate. We hope everyone will enter into the spirit of the occasion and have an enjoyable four days.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Charles E. Pressley, ***Chairman***
Byron Z. Terry, ***Vice Chairman***
T. D. Stevens, ***Secretary***
Hamilton MacFadden, ***Pageant Chairman***
Herbert Nunn, ***Finance***
J. K. T. Porterfield, ***Advertising***
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Paul Whitney, ***Publicity***
R. O. Martinson, ***Publicity***
John N. Moore, ***Miss Santa Barbara Contest***
Claude D. Fish, ***Decorations***
Jack Hayden, ***Sports***
Bob McCade, ***Dance***
Geo. D. Morrison, ***Concessions***
Jack Mathews, ***Stunts***
W. B. V. Smith, ***Golf***

COMMITTEEMEN: C. H. Johnson, Mr. Petras, Charles Shedd, S. W. Gerow, Victor M. Bernard, T. C. Harvey, Harry C. Smith, Wm. de Leon, Mrs. A. J. Verhelle, Wm. Clarke Poillon, Arthur Cram, Sydney McFarland, Ralph Runkle, Mrs. Petras, Dr. H. J. Profant, Mrs. Edward Ruiz.

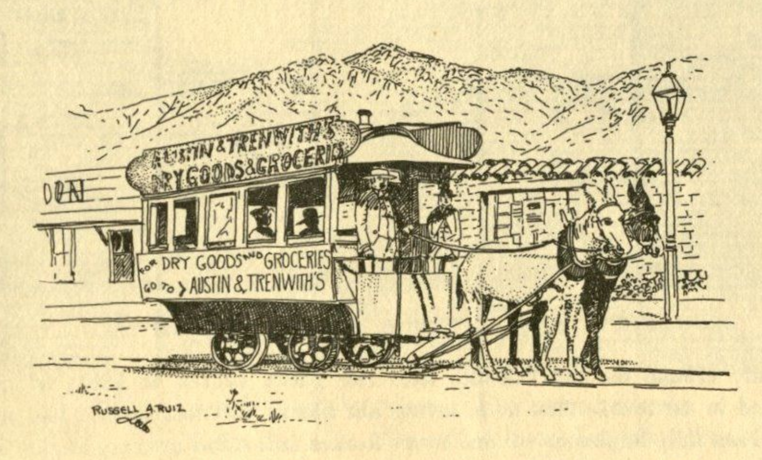


George F. Trenwith

Picture Credits: Joel Conway Historical Collection and Santa Barbara Historical Society Picture Archives. Drawing, page 1, Russell Ruiz. Above snapshot of George Trenwith, by Miss Susan Trenwith.

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY



A Century of Progress on State Street

The mercantile history of Santa Barbara might be said to have begun a century ago, in 1874. Much had been going on in the decade preceding, but little had taken tangible shape before that date. The transcontinental railroad had been completed five years earlier, but it would be another five years before the rails were continued as far as Los Angeles via the Valley Route. That city was then so unimportant that the Southern Pacific planned to by-pass the town by making San Bernardino the southern terminus. The City of Angels and Santa Barbara had to be bridged by tortuous unpaved roads over which Wells Fargo stage coaches carried their crowded, uncomfortable passengers through dust and rocks and ocean surf from 1869 through 1877. The alternative was two days in a small side-wheel coastal steamer for which passengers often had to wait for several days.

Santa Barbara was isolated from the rest of California by the very features that have always made it such a desirable place in which to live. Surrounded by mountains and the sea, it resisted the impact of many undesirable types of people who usually congregated in the cities. But it also kept away many but the hardiest traveler who would have been welcomed. And it wasn't yet a city.

Since the town was incorporated in the year California was admitted to the Union, 1850, it had retained much of its halcyon traditions. It was built largely of adobe, the houses set in all directions and at all angles,



Lower State Street about 1874 (Looking Down)

mostly around the old Presidio site. The Haley survey of 1851, which resulted in the town's first map, laying out blocks 450 feet square, had not as yet been fully implemented, and many houses still stood at crazy angles in the middle of projected streets.

Despite these drawbacks there was a spirit afoot, largely influenced by recently arrived Yankees and a few inspired natives, to put Santa Barbara on the map commercially, culturally and as a health resort.

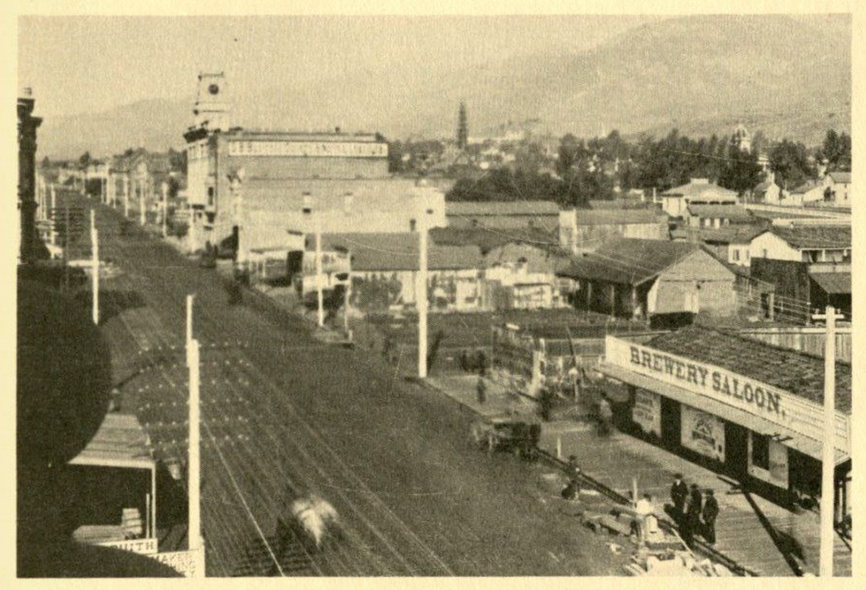
These Americans, together with a number of wise and influential Spanish-speaking native citizens like Jose de la Guerra, determined to break the provincialism and isolation of the town, raised funds to build a single telegraph line to Saugus connecting with Los Angeles and San Francisco and thus with the east, bringing them, at long last, in instantaneous touch with "civilization".

Population 2,500

The population was a little over 2,500, half of whom were Spanish speaking natives. The official language of record was still Spanish.

The modern history of Santa Barbara, therefore, begins with the efforts of a few progressive and well-endowed men who were determined to create in this heavenly spot a first class community with all the advantages of a typical American city. The opportunity was there, for there was no place to go but forward.

However, visitors arriving by water were obliged to disembark from their anchored steamer in the "harbor" using row boats which brought them as far as the surf where they were carried on the backs of sailors to the beach. It became obvious that one of the first needs of the burgeoning town was a wharf long enough to reach to deep water so that ships could tie up



State & Canon Perdido Sts. about 1878 (Looking North)
Cook's Clock Bldg. at Carrillo. Site of Howard-Canfield Bldg., left foreground. Courthouse, extreme right distance. Old Mission, center right.

and passengers and freight could be landed directly ashore instead of being lightered. A former Vermont lawyer turned lumberman, John P. Stearns, with the help of Col. W. W. Hollister, Santa Barbara's first capitalist, constructed a thousand-foot wharf at the foot of State Street, making an unprecedented impact upon the town. The "Anne Stoffer" was the first steamer to tie up at the wharf, on September 16, 1872.

A New York newspaperman, Charles Nordhoff on a railroad-sponsored journey through the west, visited Santa Barbara and was so charmed with what he saw that he gave generous praise to the area in a book he wrote entitled, "California for Health, Pleasure and Residence". The book became a best seller in the east and started a trek westward that was soon felt locally.

But Santa Barbara was not yet ready for such an influx of visitors, and the two or three small second-rate hotels were entirely inadequate to handle the traffic. This, and the other needs of the community stirred the businessmen to action, and they organized The Emigration Bureau, converted the next year to The Board of Trade, which set as its goal in 1874 the following objectives: "To develop trade and commerce, advance and protect the interest of the citizens of the city and county of Santa Barbara, to provide for receiving and entertaining distinguished visitors, to advise as to the best plans to adopt for the improvement of streets, sidewalks, roads, public parks and highways, to influence, in proper ways, legislation for the best interests



Looking toward ocean from Clock Tower at State & Carrillo Sts. First National Bank at Canon Perdido (right). City Hall & Fire Station, left center. Site of Howard-Canfield Bldg., vacant lot right center. Photo made late 1870's.

of the city and county of Santa Barbara . . . "

One of the first orders of business of the Board of Trade, soon to be called the Chamber of Commerce, was a proposal to build a first class tourist hotel. Col. Hollister spearheaded the project and financed its construction. The Arlington, at State and Victoria, Sola and Chapala, was completed in 1875, almost simultaneously, incidentally, with the completion of the famed Palace Hotel in San Francisco. The Arlington was heralded as the finest hotel south of the Palace.

Community pride prompted the construction of a new County Courthouse which was an imposing building with a dome, set in the center of an attractively landscaped garden where the present courthouse is located.

A banker by the name of Mortimer Cook engaged the town's leading architect, Peter J. Barber, designer of the Arlington Hotel, to plan and construct a substantial three-story building, surmounted by a clock tower, at the corner of State and Carrillo Streets. The clock was conceived to arouse the community to a consciousness of the importance of time, a concept traditionally foreign to the natives who had grown up on the philosophy of "manaña". The building henceforth was popularly known as "The Clock Building". For 50 years it was the most imposing business structure in Santa Barbara.

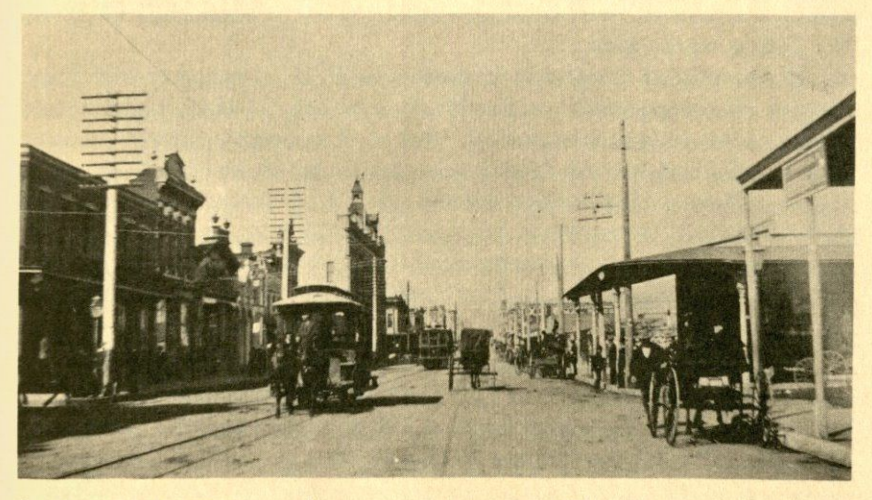
A little later another splendid building, also with a clock tower equipped with Westminster chimes, was built by Joel Fithian, "capitalist", three blocks below at the corner of Ortega and State Streets, and called by many "The Lower Clock Building" to distinguish it from Mr. Cook's building.

Of the nine drinking establishments in town, the Brewery Saloon at the southeast corner of Canon Perdido and State Street was perhaps the most popular. Its proprietor, an Italian by the name of Lobero, had Latinized his given name to Jose to accommodate himself to his present Spanish environment. He built Santa Barbara's first community theatre one block east of his saloon, at Canon Perdido and Anacapa. The Lobero Theatre was completed and dedicated on Washington's Birthday, 1873. Lobero, a musician, and indeed something of a genius and a jack-of-all-trades, wrote plays, organized an orchestra, acted on the stage and managed his enterprise, bringing culture to the raw, young community just emerging from its pueblo days.

By the end of 1872, State Street had been graded and planked sidewalks had been installed. The ancient custom of requiring residents whose houses abutted the main street to hang an oil lantern outside their door at night seemed incongruous to the progressive minded businessmen and State Street was lighted by gas lamps supplied by a patented gas brought in drums by steamer from San Francisco.

The burning of one of the town's few hotels, The American", spurred the establishment of a Volunteer Fire Department which was named Pioneer No. 1. This was followed a few short years later by the organization of the Washington Company No. 2 when a steam engine was imported from New York.

Amasa Lyman Lincoln, a former Boston banker, built one of the town's first modern boarding houses naming it the Lincoln House, later to be called the Upham Hotel. It was fashioned after a New England inn. Like Banker



In the mid 1890's the mule cars were retired and broad gauge electric cars took their place. This picture shows one of the last runs of the mule cars. New trolley follows along.

Cook's clock building and his own residence at Chapala and Sola (still standing) the Lincoln House was designed by Peter Barber who was responsible for upwards of 150 buildings during his lifetime in Santa Barbara, including the first Cottage Hospital and the Santa Barbara Club.

By the end of the year 1873, there were two good schools in Santa Barbara, two colleges, sixteen grocery stores, several churches, two furniture stores, a number of livery stables, feed and grain establishments, two drug stores of which one, the Gutierrez, is still doing business at the same spot at State and Ortega Streets, four food markets, six physicians and one dentist, twelve lawyers, a bank and a morning and an evening newspaper.

The next logical improvement was the laying of a narrow gauge track from the new wharf to the new hotel, a thirteen block line for mule cars which were to serve the community for twenty years, until the Consolidate Electric Company converted the line to broad gauge and introduced trolley cars on an expanded system, which operated until 1929, when they were replaced by motor busses. *(See NOTICIAS, Vol. XV, No. 1, Winter, 1968 for "Santa Barbara Street Transportation" by William Everett.)*

First Bank at De la Guerra & State Street

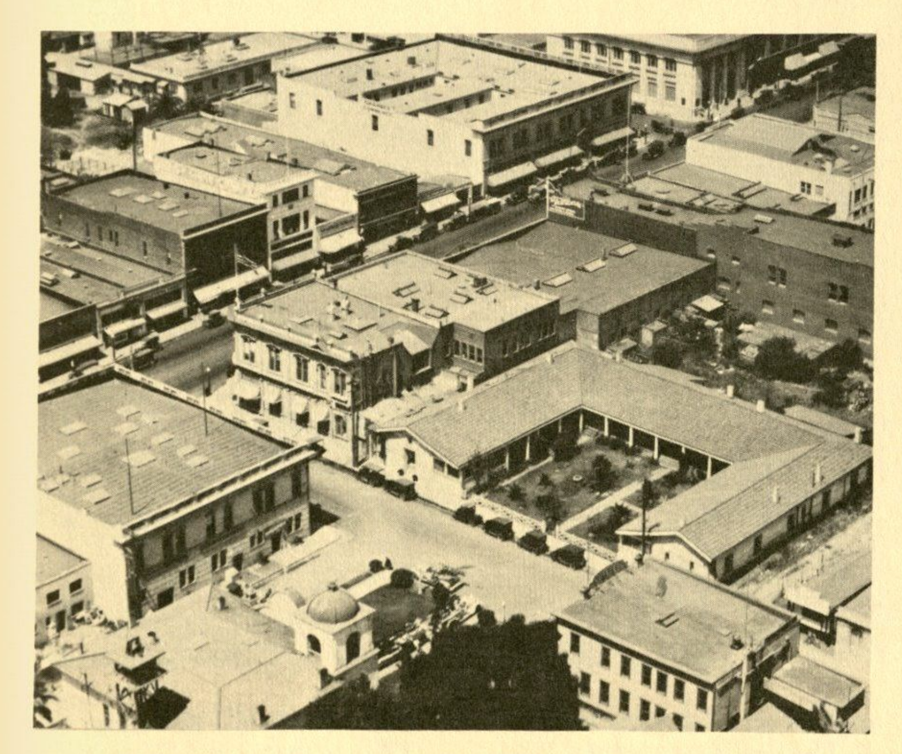
Charles Edwards opened Santa Barbara's first bank at the corner of State and De la Guerra, where Westen's Camera store is now located. (*See NOTICIAS, Banking Issue, Vol. X, No. 1, 1964.*

Much of the outstanding community development in those far-off days was spearheaded by Col. Hollister* and his partners, Thomas and Albert Dibblee. It was Thomas Dibblee who built one of Santa Barbara's finest mansions, a towered stone building, on the top of the Mesa bluff where the City College stands today.

In the midst of all these developments in 1873, there occurred the first of three devastating bank panics, bringing a halt to much building and many plans for business expansion. One of the casualties of the financial crisis was the demise of the *Times*, which was assimilated by the *Press*, much to the satisfaction of its editor, the Rev. Joseph A. Johnson, an aggressive rival of the *Times*. "The first half of the 1870's saw several newspapers take root, blossom and die in Santa Barbara" wrote Walker A. Tompkins in his story of "Santa Barbara Journalists, 1855-1973". (*NOTICIAS, Vol. XIX, No. 4, Winter, 1973.*)

Henry Tallant disregarding much opposition spearheaded a drive to raise funds for the purchase of Oak Park which was about to be sold for building lots, thus saving that popular area for recreation for generations yet to come. Tallant Road in the Samarkand area is named for his family.

**Hollister helped to finance the Santa Barbara College, The Morning Press, the Lobero Theatre, Stearn's Wharf and the Arlington Hotel and many other early projects.*



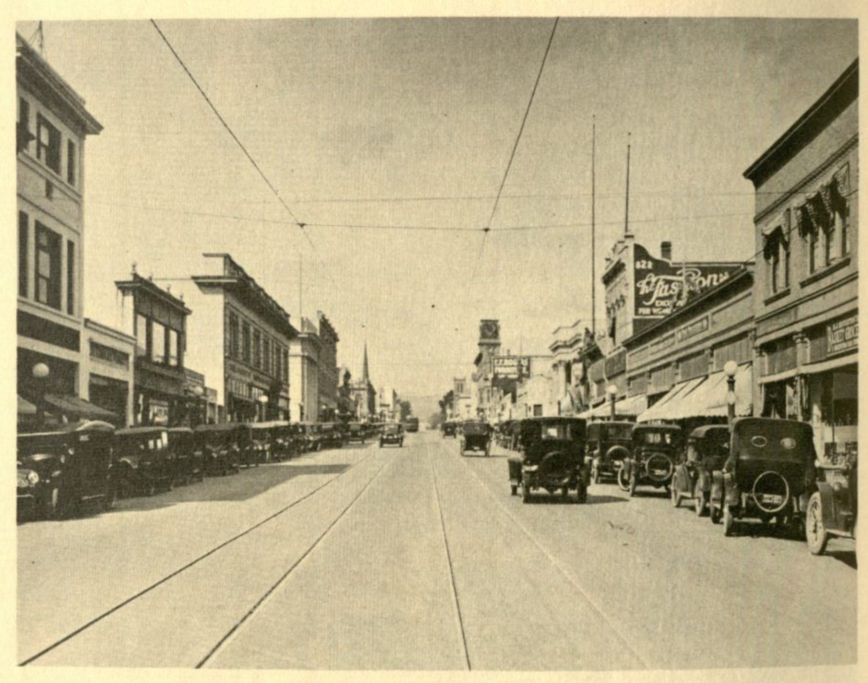
Conway

Site of the 1st bank in Santa Barbara, State & De la Guerra. City Hall & Fire Station (center foreground); Raffour House (right); De la Guerra House & Court, Howard-Canfield Bldg. (upper right, opposite 1st National Bank.)

This was a period of much change in the world and in the nation. France was only just beginning to recover from the scourge of the Franco-Prussian War. The Emperor Napoleon III was wasting away in a German prison. Charles Dickens, most popular author of the age, had recently died and Queen Victoria was celebrating the 38th year of her 64-year long reign. Chicago was cleaning up following the great conflagration of 1872 in which 18,000 houses had burned, and an almost equally costly fire had devastated Boston. U. S. Grant was in the middle of his second term as president of the United States. The last regular wagon train to cross the deserts and mountains into California was only thirty-six months earlier. The population of our 37 states was 39,000,000.

Trenwith Appears On The Scene

This was the world in which two young men from the bitter cold of Minnesota stood on the deck of a side-wheel coastal steamer from San Francisco as it approached the new wharf at the foot of State Street. Having no fixed plans, they disembarked, strode up State Street, fell in love with the



Conway

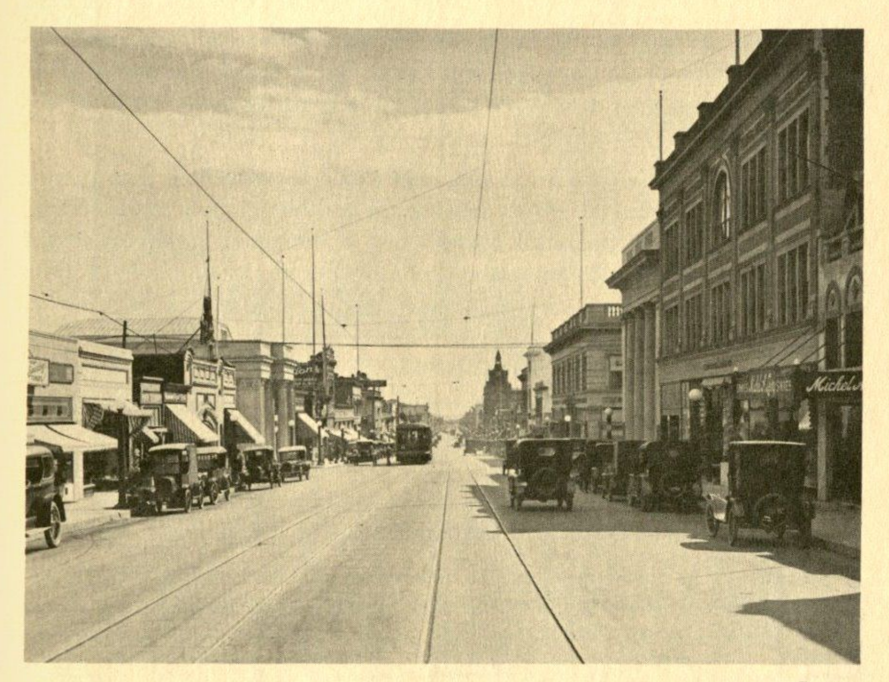
State Street from De la Guerra looking north. Howard-Canfield Bldg., left. 1st National Bank (white) Presbyterian Church Steeple and Upper Clock Bldg. About 1922.

town and decided to stay. They had escaped the rigors of the north-central state to seek their health, having been threatened with "weak lungs" and possible consumption, as T.B. was then called. Their names were George Farmer Trenwith, a bank teller, and N. P. Austin, several years his senior.

In 1874, exactly a century ago, they opened a general merchandise store on lower State Street. Austin, who first financed the project, was ill for a long time leaving the management to Trenwith. When Austin died a decade later, it left his partner with very little money and a business demanding constant funding. This presented Trenwith with a serious crisis. He might have been persuaded to take on a new partner with adequate money to support and expand the business, but his wife was dead set against such a proposal. "We'll go it alone," she insisted, "if it's only a peanut stand". Austin & Trenwith became just "Trenwith's", the name it carries today, nearly one hundred years later.

Trenwith had been making buying trips to San Francisco twice a year, dealing primarily with two wholesalers, the firm of Mills & Gibbs, and Murphy Grant. These two concerns, recognizing the leadership and integrity of Mr. Trenwith, offered to finance the business thereafter.

Trenwith, seeking a home for his family, moved into an old adobe



Conway

State St. from Carrillo. Howard-Canfield Bldg., right; 1st National Bank, right; Security Bank, left; Fithian Building (Lower Clock Building) right, distance.

on the corner of Chapala and Carrillo Streets owned by Dr. Robert E. Winchester, physician to most of the leading citizens of Santa Barbara, includnig Col. Hollister. The site was later the home of the Y.M.C.A. until that institution moved to the Northside. Dr. Winchester planted a small seedling, an araucaria excelsa (Norfork Island pine tree) purchased from the nursery of Joseph Sexton of Goleta. It grew up to be the towering Santa Barbara Christmas tree, lighted each year during the holidays by Pearl Chase and her Committee.

In the Winchester Adobe, in 1883, nine years after the founding of the Trenwith store, Susan Trenwith was born. She had a sister, Blanche (Mrs. Clinton) and an older brother, Walter Day who became a New York physician in 1893.

After the death of the senior Trenwith in 1913, Blanche took over the management of the store. Miss Susan and her sister, alternately for eight years each, operated the store until 1929.

The Trenwith advertisements, always conservative, like the founder of the store were consistent and in good taste. He didn't seem to be unduly influenced by the flamboyant and ebulient ads of his competitors, seldom resorting to price competition. In the *Independent*, for example, his ad ap-

peared daily on page two in the upper lefthand corner and sometimes, for weeks on end the copy remained the same. But generally, it consisted of few words in large type or a single paragraph explaining some new merchandise of quality.

In describing George Trenwith's character, his daughter Susan, now 90 years old, remarked about his retiring nature, his modesty and fondness for quiet. He seldom projected himself into a situation, preferring to remain in the background, but always retaining a decisive stand. He was constantly active in community developments, having been a member of the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce, and at one time its Vice President, member of the Directors of the First National Bank(of which Judge R. B. Canfield was President and H. P. Lincoln was Cashier), of the Water Commission (with George Edwards and J. N. Hiller), and many other civic organizations.

He was a close friend of all the leading citizens of Santa Barbara, particularly such men as Hollister, Brinkerhoff, Judge Canfield and C. A. Storke.

In the '80's, Trenwith moved to a home at 221 East Figueroa where his children enjoyed their neighborhood playmates, Ona Rogers who was a grand daughter of Peter J. Barber, and Laura Patterson. Susan remembered that Laura's father drove the San Marcos-Los Olivos stage coach.

The 1880's brought Southern California its greatest boom, and land values skyrocketed. By 1887 the Southern Pacific had built the first leg of its Coast route from Saugus, connecting with the Valley route, providing for rail travel to Los Angeles and San Francisco, but by the end of that year the boom had burst and it was to be a decade and a half before work on the northern leg would be completed, putting Santa Barbara on the Mainline.

The eighties had brough an influx of new homesteaders to the area, and the city, being the County Seat, became the center of the real estate activity. There was even a small land boom in rural Los Olivos, for that became the terminus of the Pacific Coast narrow guage railway from Port Harford and San Luis Obispo. A stage line was operated from Santa Barbara to Los Olivos where Felix Mattei built his Central Hotel, which today is known as Mattei's Tavern. There, northbound passengers could make connections by the narrow gauge railroad to San Luis Obispo or Port Harford, transferring either to the Southern Pacific line or to a coastal steamship. (*See NOTICIAS, Vol. VII, No. 4, Winter 1961.* (Clarence Mattei issue).

One could wish to pursue the threads of this personal history through all the hundred years that have elapsed since George Trenwith first arrived in Santa Barbara, but in the interest of space and time, and to present a typical picture of one of these periods, we have selected the Turn of the Century to provide us with a rather more delimited frame of reference. The



Conway

800 Block of State Street looking north in 1902. Note "horseless carriages", Howard-Canfield Bldg. left; 1st National Bank on the corner of Canon Perdido, now the site of the United California Bank.

year 1901 was, by all odds, one of the most remarkable years since the founding of the city.

World-wide it was a disturbing year, for there was still much "mopping up" to be done in China following the Boxer uprising and in the Philippines. The Boer War, between England and the Dutch settlers of South Africa, was being waged with much the same citizen reaction as this generation has seen concerning the war in Southeast Asia. England was no less popular in that war than the United States was in Vietnam.

The Spanish-American war had thrust the United States into the realm of world powers, and with our new territories gained in the late war and the aura of success from a military point of view, politicians had become

a little heady. McKinley was beginning his second term in office as President. Queen Victoria, following 64 incredible years, had died, and playboy Prince Edward had ascended the throne of England and became Emperor of the British Empire including India, Canada and Australia. His reign was to last but a short decade.

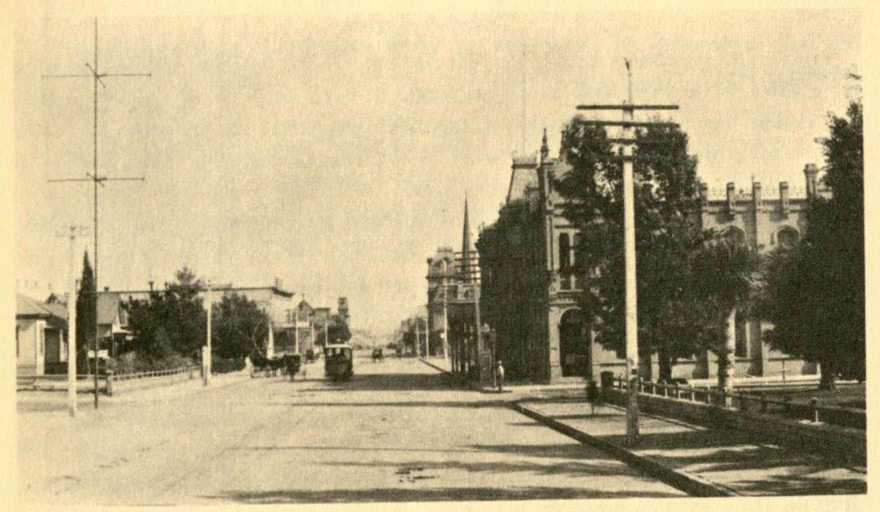
Of significance to Santa Barbara was the completion, after fourteen years of waiting since the first train had arrived from Los Angeles, of the last link of the Coast route of the Southern Pacific Railroad, thus putting Santa Barbara on the mainline between San Francisco and Los Angeles. A second magnificent tourist hotel ($1,500,000) was built on Burton Mound facing the ocean and named for its builder, Milo Potter. It rivaled the Del Monte in Monterey, Del Coronado in San Diego, and the Raymond in Pasadena.

President McKinley visited Santa Barbara with much fanfare and rejoicing for he was extremely popular. Although he remained here less than four hours, the memory of his visit was recalled for years. The actual purpose of his visit to California was to officiate at the launching of the new battleship Ohio in San Francisco named for his native state. With him came his entire cabinet. It was but a few short months before he was assassinated by a madman in Buffalo at the World's Fair.

In Santa Barbara there was quite a controversy over whether to route his carriage up Victoria Street from the railroad depot at Rancheria or up State Street through the business district. (The present station on State Street was not completed until 1905.) It was said that the latter route was too unattractive for the President to see. But in the end, the merchants won out and the parade with the President's carriage beautifully decorated in flowers, drawn by four white horses and flanked by an honor guard of white-clad riders on white horses supplied by Dixie Thompson, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel and accompanied by Mayor Charles A. Storke (father of "T. M.") passed by Trenwith's and on up to the Arlington Hotel. (*See NOTICIAS, Vol. XVI, No. 4, Winter, 1970. "Let's Take a Walk Down State Street, Circa "Turn of the Century.")*

1901 was also the year T. M. Storke bought the *Daily Independent* which paper he eventually consolidated with two others, the *News* and the *Press* under the title of *Santa Barbara News Press*. He was its publisher and editor for sixty years when he sold it to the McLeans of Philadelphia, and Stuart Taylor became its Editor.

One of the newer buildings on State Street was the Fithian Building, with its chimes which rang out the hours of the day until they were silenced by the earthquake of 1925. On the corner beneath the clock tower was the Gutierrez Drug Store, and while the 18-foot-high third story and clock



Looking down State Street from Victoria about 1878. Picture taken from front of the Arlington Hotel (right, just out of view) with Presbyterian Church next to San Marcos Hotel (formerly college). Cook's Clock Building left at Carrillo Street. Note new mule car line and light pole (left).

tower were damaged and removed after the quake, the drug store is still there (now the Park Building), the oldest continuously operated business in the city.

Also in the Fithian Building on the third floor were the editorial offices of the *Morning Press* whose press and composing room was next door on West Ortega Street.

On the northwest corner was the original White House Store, established in 1898 which soon moved to its present building at 717 State Street.

In 1901 this store was one of Trenwith's chief competitors. Its daily advertisements never failed to attract attention. More than many others they tell the story of the value of the American dollar, for they usually published the prices of their commodities. An example of this was the price of a good suit of clothes for men at $7.00, with the latest hats at $1.20. But the Great Wardrobe at the same time advertised men's trousers at $1.85 to $2.10 and straw hats at 22c. Boy's overalls sold at 25c each, "the heavy, strong kind". The finest vici-kid Walkover shoes sold at $3.50, but Oxfords were as low as $1.50.

Other examples of the dollar value in 1901 reflect the availability of land in the County, advertised by the California Colony Association, at $15.00 per acre. A railroad ticket to Chicago by Santa Fe Railroad was $30. Local transportation was easy on the pocketbook when one could buy a horse, harness and buggy, all for $150.00.

Tourist Guide

The Independent, under its new owner, T. M. Storke, devoted as much as a third of a page two or three times a week to a fixed column headed "A Guide for Tourists", being a carefully prepared list of some two score points of interest in the area, with the mileage, traveling time, and other pertinent information. It also contained prevailing rates for the hiring of conveyances or horses for riding and advised tourists not to pay more than the advertised rates. Although the tourist business in Santa Barbara began in the early 1870's, it was being strongly implemented at the Turn of the Century both by the press and by the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber was soon to publish a 24-page monthly promotional magazine well illustrated and documented, which it advertised widely as shown in the accompanying facsimile. (*See NOTICIAS, Vol. XV, No. 1, Winter, 1968.*)

Had we the time and space, we would recall in detail the fascinating history of the first decade of this century because they are both spectacular and unique. How this community was metamorphosed from a typical American small town into a beautiful Spanish-style city was largely due to the conjunction of two influences. One was the spirit and imagination of a small group of inspired citizens who for a long time had held a vision of what Santa Barbara could become and in 1923 they organized The Community Arts Association. The other influence, incongruously, was an earthquake (June 29, 1925) which threw down the fronts of practically every place of business in thirteen blocks of State Street and left a repair bill close to $20,000,000. But the quake was a blessing in disguise. It provided the opportunity to reconstruct the city according to city planning with an eye to its esthetic potentials.

If one were to stand in the tower of the Courthouse, for example, and look over the city in any direction today, the predominating feature would be red tile roofs and light stucco walls, the very image of a community in Spain or Mexico.

How this all came about and to whom we are indebted for its direction and consumation is altogether another story which has been told, and told again, and should be repeated to the end of time, because it has made Santa Barbara a city truly unique in America. And it should never be forgotten that the prime leader in that movement was Pearl Chase, still active after 50 years of volunteer service to the community.

The turn of the century marked another period of business expansion and in 1904 a fine new building was erected across the street from the First National Bank and called The Howard-Canfield Building. Into that structure moved John Diehl the grocer with his popular bakery at number 827, G. W. Trenwith with his drygoods store at 829, and Mr. Frink's Great Wardrobe established in 1886, (now Silverwoods)* on the corner, at 833.

**Silverwood's bought the Great Wardrobe from Anson Idleman in 1945.*

The Chamber of Commerce later moved from its bungalow at 1220 State Street to a suite of rooms on the second floor where they remained for twenty years.

At the corner of Canon Perdido where the Bank of America now stands was the Rose Theatre where somewhat later the first "talkies" were shown. On the southeast corner where the old Brewery Saloon once stood was the Security First National Bank, for a time making that intersection the financial center of town.

The Potter Hotel was opened as noted in 1902, nine months after the coming of the railroad from San Francisco. It burned to the ground on April 4, 1921.

In 1946 Trenwith's was sold to Richard M. Polsky of a merchandising family, and in 1972 the present owners, Nahas Enterprises, Donald Nuss, president purchased it and made substantial renovations.

The period between the end of World War I and the crash of 1929, was another boom period. Real estate values skyrocketed. The *Morning Press* on April 1st, 1925, for instance, ran a seven-column banner reporting that "Santa Barbara Realty Sales Shatter all Records". They had reached a total of $2,110,500 for March. The market had been on a steady climb since the first of the year. Trenwith's were celebrating their fiftieth year in business.

State Street frontage was selling at new records of $2,000.00 a front foot, an increase of 150% in five years.

This was in the midst of the Prohibition Era, and while the police were raiding bootleggers, and the U.S. going after rum runners, Diehl's next door to Trenwith's was advertising Sherry Wine for cooking purposes with "the usual amount of salt called for in recipes".

Whereas in 1901 The Great Wardrobe had advertised men's suits at $7.00, in 1925 their ads featured gray flannel suits at $45.00 and $65. Trenwith's quarter page ads pictured "Domestic and Imported Daytime frocks at $5.95 and $7.50."

Chief competitors of Trenwith's were still Eisenbergs (The White House) and the Great Wardrobe.

Don Julian de Cordova, 74-year old Spanish grandee, a direct descendant of Fernando de Cordova, and whose ancestors discovered San Francsico Bay, visited Santa Barbara and enthusiastically explained that he had traveled the world over and that there was "nothing like Santa Barbara in the whole world."

In January, 1926, Trenwith's issued an attractive brochure in the format of a magazine, featuring not only women's fashions, but entire spectrum of their stocks — linens, hosery, hats, baby clothes, dry goods, furs, and even rugs.

The good reports of prosperity and high life continued and grew each month and each year until suddenly, on Friday, October 29, 1929, came the most devastating financial crash in the history of the nation. 16,388,700 shares changed hands resulting in a loss of no less than 50 billion dollars.

And with business and institutions falling like cards all around them, Trenwith's stood calmly and though perhaps shaken, like all businesses, they survived and continued on their way toward another landmark, 1949 and their 75th year in uninterrupted business.

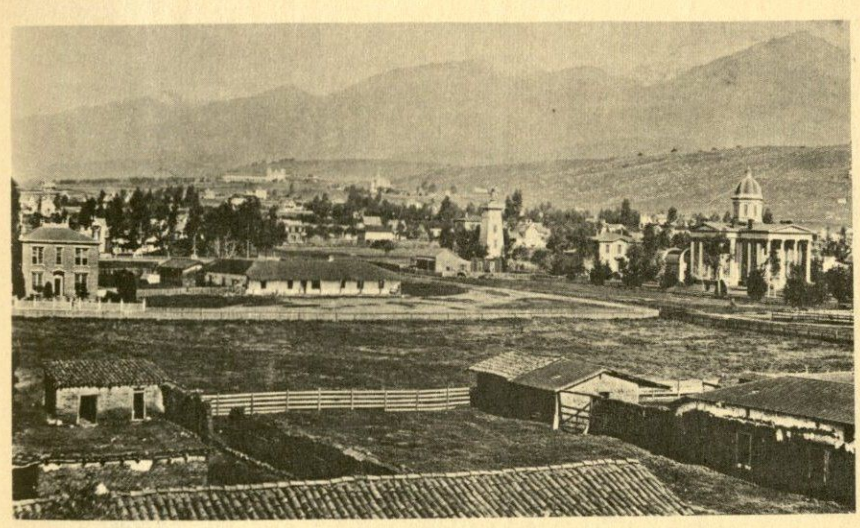
In this, Trenwith's Centennial year, one naturally takes stock of what has happened through these ten decades, not only to State Street but to the business itself. Three quarters of a century in the same location through two World Wars, devastating financial upheavals, The Great Depression, and many other disrupting phenomena that have long since destroyed many another merchantile institution, speaks worlds for both the loyalty of Trenwith's patrons and employes and the stamina of the street which it has graced for so long.

On July 4, 1901 when the Elks held their convention in Santa Barbara, Trenwith's in their traditional spirit of hospitality, ran this ad in the Santa Barbara Press.

The Friendly Store

We extend Greetings. To you and the many visitors within the city's gates this week, be it for business or pleasure, your welcome to this store will be all that we can make it. Make this store your headquarters. Have your packages checked here; have your mail sent in our care. All purchases delivered at the wharf or depots, except on the day of the Fourth (store closed all day) and after 6 P.M. Saturday, July 5th. Our store offers excellent shopping advantages, - a full line of dry goods, notions, millinery, and everything that goes toward making this store Santa Barbara's Shopping Center. Visitors will find Trenwith's store a convenient place to meet their friends, as all cars pass our door. —G. F. Trenwith

The street itself has undergone a face lifting in the development of the new Plaza, designed by architect Robert Ingle Hoyt, which would be called a Mall but for the allowance of through traffic (but no parking) with its exotic and informal planting to delight the eye. For eight blocks, from



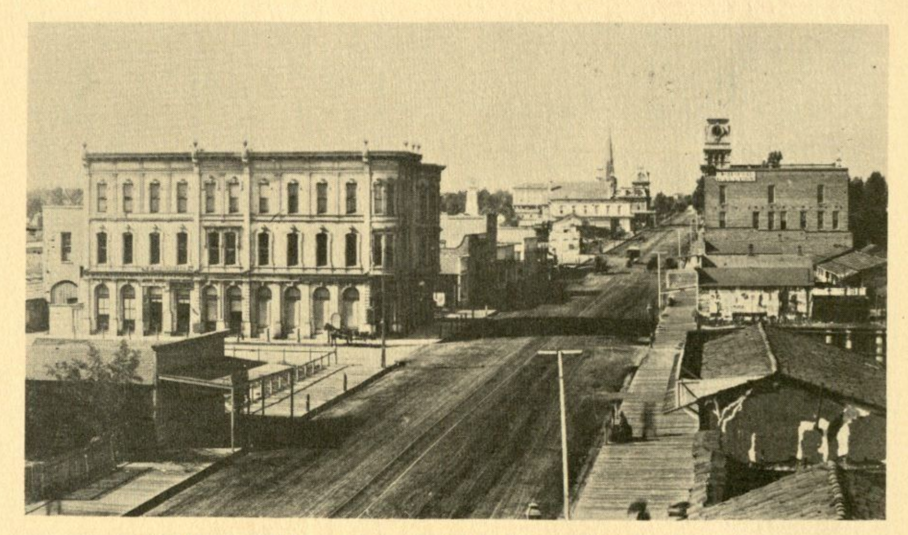
Looking north from Clock Tower at Carrillo St. and State in 1886. Courthouse, right. Old Mission in the distance. The modern parking facility is situated on Figueroa (center) where the white adobe stands in the picture.

Ortega street to Victoria, parking for downtown customers has been provided by the city's large and beautifully landscaped parking lots on the next parallel streets, Anacapa and Chapala, plus a modern multi-storied ramped facility close to the Courthouse, Public Library, and Art Gallery. In this manner shopping has been made easy and convenient and has saved an exodus of shoppers to the large shopping complexes in the outskirts of central Santa Barbara.

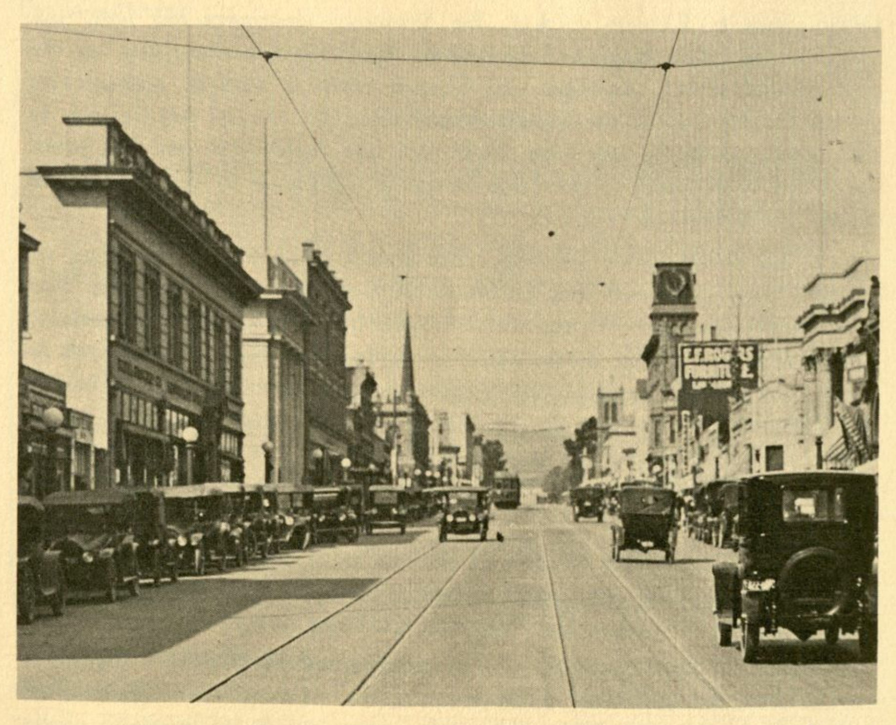
In this development, Trenwith's has always taken a lead, including revamping their front and rear entrances (for the store now occupies Nos. 827 and 829 (the former space once occupied by Diehl's). Both the exterior and the interior of the Store was extensively altered and modernized in recent years and compares favorably with the finest stores in Los Angeles and San Francisco. In the last decade the 800 block has undergone a major change making it one of the most beautiful blocks in town, every business having upgraded not only its interior and facade, but its merchandise offerings as well.

For comparison with the past we proudly refer, again, to our two issues of NOTICIAS, earlier mentioned, picturing State Street at the Turn of the Century and in 1971 when the Plaza was just being completed.

Now, with three years of growth to trees and shrubs since the Plaza was finished and additional refinements to the business houses, Santa Barbara looks back to its origins with amazement and is justly proud of its accomplishments.



Looking up State Street from Canon Perdido in the 1870's.



Conway

Looking up State Street from Canon Perdido in the early 1920's.


Trenwith's
INC.
Fashion Calendar
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
JANUARY~1926



Josefa Moreno
at the time of her marriage to Pablo de la Guerra.

SELECTED LETTERS OF PABLO DE LA GUERRA TO HIS WIFE, JOSEFA MORENO, 1851-1872

Translated and edited by
Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M.

Introduction

Pablo de la Guerra (1819-1874), the most prominent of the sons of Captain José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega and Maria Antonio Carrillo, and a native son of Santa Barbara, has never been the subject of an extended biography, although his full life is now being written as a doctoral dissertation by Mr. Joseph Cassidy of Denver in partial fulfillment of his doctorate taken at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

Pablo was born on November 29, 1819, and in baptism was given the names Pablo Andres Antonio Maria Saturnino. His early education was given him by private tutors in his father's home and this was supplemented at Hartnell's College near Salinas and in Mexico City. He received a classical, mathematical and general education with special emphasis on languages.

The greater part of his life from the age of twenty was spent in public service. Governor Alvarado appointed him inspector of customs at Monterey and later collector of customs at the same port. On March 7, 1847, Pablo married Josefa Moreno, daughter of Francisco Moreno and his wife Francisca Castro, who was a sister of General José Castro and daughter of José Castro, Sr. and Rufina Alvarez. The marriage service took place in San Carlos Mission, Carmel. Pablo became a citizen of the United States by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo on February 2, 1848.

In 1849 Pablo was elected to serve as a member from Santa Barbara of the convention held at Monterey to organize a state government and was one of the original signers of the Constitution adopted on October 10, 1849. In 1851 he was appointed United States Marshal of the Southern District of California by President Fillmore. He also served as mayor of Santa Barbara. He was proposed as ambassador to Spain during the final days of President

Buchanan's administration, but owing to the outbreak of the Civil War the appointment was not confirmed. He was four times consecutively elected State Senator from the district embracing Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties (1850-1858). Upon the appointment of lieutenant-governor John G. Downey as Governor of California, Pablo became president of the Senate and, by virtue of his office, lieutenant-governor.

On October 21, 1863, Pablo was elected for six years judge of the First Judicial District of the state, consisting of the then counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, including the since created counties of Orange, Riverside, Imperial and Ventura. In 1869 he was re-elected for a second term of six years, but owing to failing health he resigned in 1873. Don Pablo died at Santa Barbara on February 5, 1874, and was buried in the friar's vault of the Mission church. His children were: Cristina Francisca, born March 12, 1848; Francisca, Sept. 21, 1849; Carlos, July 10, 1852; Paulina, March 25, 1855; Elena, May 6, 1857; Delfina, March 21, 1861; and Herminia, November 30, 1862.

There are many fine encomiums on this outstanding citizen both for his ability and integrity, but these must be passed over here for lack of space and because many have already found their place in print. De la Guerra was a Democrat in politics and a spokesman for many years on behalf of his countrymen of Hispanic lineage.

These letters to his wife, translated for the first time into English, are anything but earth-shaking, but they do bring out the personality of the man and reveal something of the era in which he lived. They reveal him as a devoted husband and father who would have much preferred to spend his time at home with his family. Most of them were written during his official duties as senator and judge away from home, and they express the joys and sorrows of life. His wife Josefa was not a letter writer, a fact that irked him much, for nothing pleased him more than to be the recipient of her letters. They should be of interest to Santa Barbarans, for they concern a well-known and highly esteemed citizen of a famous family. The original letters are in the Santa Barbara Mission Archives.

San José, March 19, 1851

My beloved:

Today is your saint's day[1] *and I have taken a glass of champagne to your health, for I have thought much of you and who knows if you have also thought of me.*

By the last steamer I wrote to answer you concerning myself and to learn something about you, but up until now I have received no letter from you. I well know how lazy you are when it comes to writing[2] *but I believed that you would make some sacrifice to please the wishes of your old man.*[3]

Tell Maria Antonia[4] *and Julia*[5] *that they should accept this letter as their own and that they should excuse me from writing separately to them, for the night is already far spent.*

How is the little dickens?[6] *Visit her*[7] *often in the name of her beloved papa and you, my dear old lady, accept the love of your Pablo de la Guerra.*

San José, April 7, 1851

My beloved:

Last night I received your greatly desired letter in which I learned that Matilda is our comadre.[8] *As a result I beg you to greet her expansively on the part of her* compadre. *Tell her also that Don Guillermo*[9] *and Juanito are here and are in good health.*

I suppose that you already know about the death of Manuelita,[10] *which was caused, as the rumor has it, by her eating oranges a few days after having given birth.*[11] *Poor thing! May God grant that she is in heaven.*

I felt very sad over the eye affliction of the little dickens but I learned from your letter that she is not well. I have rejoiced very much, for this news has taken a load of sadness from me. See her often.

I hope to see you at the end of this present month. I am very vexed and weary but I have not been able to leave this devil of a town.

Give my greetings to Pantoja[12] *and tell her that I will be happy to give her a hearty embrace when I see her.*

I have much to do. Others are waiting for me for a meeting to name a translator of the laws.[13]

Goodbye from here.

Benicia, February 24, 1854

I have felt very much that you have come to think that my silence was due to thoughtlessness or too little regard, but I believed that you knew me sufficiently that my silence would be attributed to no other cause than a multitude of circumstances that have kept me from writing.

To convince you that you were never out of my mind, I am sending you a blotter of a letter that I thought of writing to you in verse when the notice arrived concerning Don Manuel[14] *and then I suspended sending the letter as well as others that I was going to write to each one of the women of the house, but my work has increased so much and the little disposition I've had since the death of Hartnell prevented me from carrying out my plan.*

I wanted to write to all the ladies so that the letters would be read before all, but the recent unfortunate happenings have placed me

in such a bad humor and so I left my plan unfinished.

I have received your one appreciated letter and I trust that no occasion will pass to make me happy in receiving your appreciated letters.

Yesterday I arrived here from Monterey where I found your mother[15] *and brothers in good health.*

I know that Carlito is not well and this does not please me, so I hope that upon my return I shall find him improved and gracious as he has been described to me.

Tell Angustias that Brincacatas[16] *wrote to me for a truss for Cuata*[17] *but despite the fact that he promised to send the measurements I have not yet received them.*

How have the calico, flannel and shoes appeared to you? You have not even told me if you have received them.

As I have already stated to you, I arrived here yesterday from Monterey and today I have to do a lot of writing, which accounts for my few lines to you. At another time I shall write more extensively. Meanwhile give Carlito many kisses and endearing words to Francisca, and you accept the heart of your Pablo de la Guerra.

P. S. Tell Angustias that I believe I shall forward with Pancho Mellus[18] *the ring she gave me to have repaired, but the broach which I have I do not know what to do with, for I do not remember why she gave it to me.*

Three brief letters follow, one from Sacramento, April 8, 1854, two from San Francisco, March 29 and April 9, 1855. In the first he states: "How are Carlito and Francisca? You cannot imagine the desire I have to see you, my beloved old lady, and the children in order to divert myself with all according to their ages of course." In the second letter he states that he had had many visitors and expected to be home in about a month and a half. In the third he states that Trinidad[19] was in Los Angeles and he will write no longer unless she answers his letters.

Mazatlán, December 9, 1854

My ever beloved old lady:

I did not write to you when I was about to leave San Francisco because Antonio Maria[20] *was there and he could inform you about my embarcation. Now, however, I am sending you this letter to let you know that during the fourteen days between our departure from San Francisco and our arrival here nothing untoward happened since our cruise was such a happy and pleasant one. Just imagine a sea as smooth as a quiet lake, and a bright moon always at night as if it were day. From the time of night prayer until eight o'clock the steamer's*

music played. The officers were dancing all the time. In a word, the voyage up until now could not have been better. Angustias[21] became seasick during the first two days but after that she was as well as myself. The officers took delight in serving us as much as they could. You cannot imagine how much I thought of my young Carlito,[22] because one of the captain's cabin boys looked so much like Señor Don Juancho[23] that many a time I wanted to grasp him to give him a kiss.

We will sail this afternoon for San Blas in a small schooner and perhaps arrive there tomorrow morning. From Tepic I shall write to you again and tell you about what occurred during our transit.

Tell Prescott[24] and Julia's pot-bellied husband[25] that I suppose they are very happy about my help, for they had so great a desire for me to come, but in spite of that I remembered them.

Greet the Cochas, Bonitas, Chinitas, Gueritas, etc.,[26] and give many kisses to Carlito and to Francisca.

Do not fail to commend me to God and be persuaded of my affection for you. Your old man is at your service.

P. S. Tell Cocha that I do not write to her because I do not have a single moment of time.

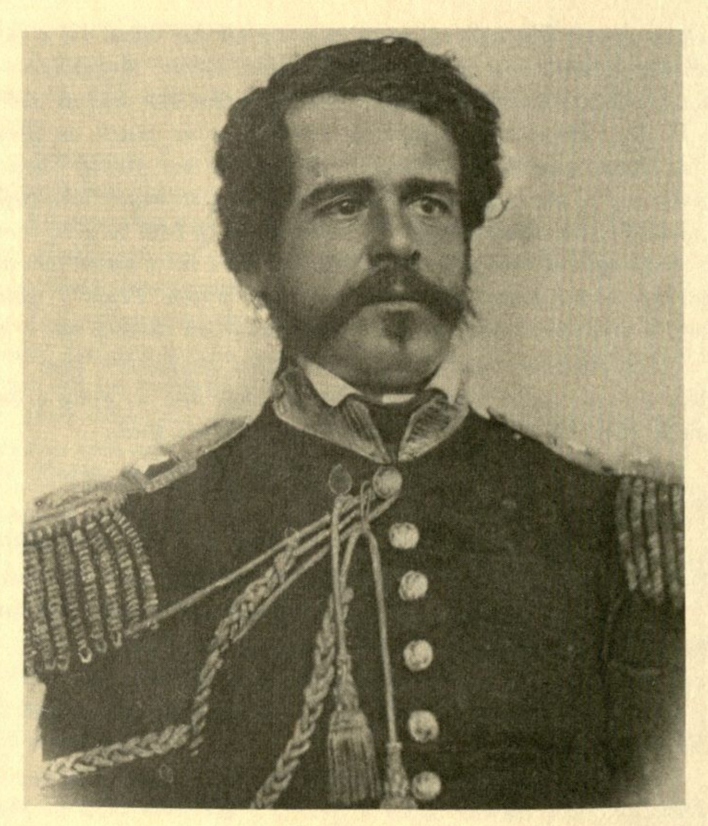
The Senate, March 28, 1856

My dear old lady:

Today it is a year on which at this very hour I arrived at San Francisco from Mexico. How different I am now than at that time! That day was indeed a great pleasure for me, but today I am sadder than you can imagine. I had hoped to be consoled by receiving a letter from you, but you disappointed me. Why are you so ungrateful to me, my beloved? The one thing that consoles me is reading your letters, but you are very forgetful of the man who loves you so much. When I get to see you again you will have to pay [for your negligence]. Remember what we did when I arrived from Los Angeles, but now that you want it the thing will be much greater.

How often I thought of the time when we were all together on the feast of St. Joseph, which was on the Wednesday of Holy Week. On that day we would have been happy and perhaps celebrating in a moderate way, but I, dear, had to be alone, quite alone on that day, fighting against the entire Senate! How much I suffered, my dear old lady! But I hope that God will reward my affliction and grant me the pleasure of seeing you and embracing you soon.

I can hardly explain to you how weary, disgusted and desperate I am. Never have I experienced so disgusting and bitter a time as during the past winter.



Antonio Maria de la Guerra

How are my dear children? Write to me and tell me what they need.

Do not be ungrateful to your dear old man. Write to me at length and do not wait until the last moment.

How did you spend Holy Week? Did you pray for your dear old man as I did here for you? Although Holy Week here was not celebrated every day, I went to church only on Good Friday and I found there three women. How I recalled you on those days!

Give my greetings to the Julias, Cochas, Pulgas and Bonitas, and command your old man who loves you more than all the women together.

P. S. The day before yesterday, Doña Paulina[27] was a year old. In her honor I took a short drink.

There follow two short letters, both from San Francisco, January 3 and February 4, 1857, concerning needs and welfare of the family.

Sacramento, February 18, 1857

My beloved:

Just when I desire to read your letters more than any others, it is always my bad luck that you have a good reason to prevent you from writing.

In a letter of Antonio Maria I learned that you did not write because Paulina was ill, but he did not say whether her illness was light or serious, so I am upset in not knowing for certain. Therefore do not fail to inform me on this matter as soon as possible.

Through my compadre *Robinson*[28] *I sent you a hundred pesos so that you can buy what you need, but I do not know if you need more. Let me know if you need more so that I can send it to you.*

Yesterday Abrejo[29] *arrived here together with my cousin Julia and her husband and I had a period of pleasure in their company, but they are returning today and then I will be alone again and closed up in my room in the same manner in which I spent the greater part of last winter. God's will be done. Take great care of Paulina and do not fail to be vigilant with regard to Don Carlos and Francisca.*

Greetings to all the feminine multitude of the house and you, my dear old lady, pray to God for your poor old husband who loves you very much.

Sacramento, March 4, 1857

My dear little old lady:

I received your appreciated lines which made me laugh a good deal because of the joke of Carlos and Paulina, owing to their seeing a similarity between Juan and me. But together with my laughter there was joined the thought that perhaps I will not have the pleasure of seeing you or them as soon as I would like because the business in the Legislature is becoming more complicated every day.

When the northbound steamer sails, if there is some known person traveling on it, send me one of your shoes that I can bring you a pair if I can find some good ones, and if you do not send the shoe, send at least within the letter the length and width of your foot measurement. Also advise me when you hope to enlarge the family to see if it will be possible for me to be there when the event takes place.

I am very disgusted here. I pass my life between my room, the chambers and the lodging house, and meanwhile more and more I think of you.

I think this letter will arrive in your hands on the eighth of this month, and I hope you will recall that on that day it will be ten years that we were married and though now separated I trust that we will renew our vows of thanksgiving to God for the years so happily spent

and beseech Him that He give us the grace that the years ahead in which we will live together will be as happy as those of the past.

Goodbye, my dear old lady. Take care of our children. Love God and pray to Him for your old man.

Sacramento, March 19, 1857

My dear little old lady:

I pray and hope to God that today you will have a very happy time in the company of my father[30] *whom you will felicitate in my name. I hope that both of you will be enjoying a good meal for it is the feastday of the two Josephs but here I shall spend the day, as the rest, sad and alone. Patience.*

The steamer arrived, but it did not bring a letter from you. Tell me, why do you forget so often about your poor afflicted old man? Why are you so ungrateful, tell me, by not writing to me, especially since you can do so only every fifteen days?

I asked you in a former letter for your foot measurements in order to buy some shoes for you but you have not sent them so that the fault will be yours if I do not bring them down with me when I come.

Don José Thompson[31] *gave me a lemon which you sent me and I have kept it until this day for I gave it as a gift to the wife of my uncle Vallejo, Don Guadalupe,*[32] *who arrived here yesterday morning.*

God grant you health and me the pleasure of embracing you soon. This is how much your loving old man desires you.

There follow three letters of April 18, 1857, from Sacramento on Paulina's health and on bringing articles to Santa Barbara; letter of December 31, 1859, from San Francisco sending Christmas and New Year's greetings and tells Josefa to write "by every ship;" and a letter of January 28, 1860, on sending pictures and flower seeds and about her dancing in Santa Barbara while he is disconsolate up north.

Sacramento, March 16, 1860

My dear little old lady:

I am sorry that we could not celebrate our thirteenth anniversary of marriage. I was very happy for two days before I played "Twenty One" and won forty dollars with those who sponsored a little meal among four friends and we drank to your health.

I did not know what kind of pictures you wanted and I thought that the ones I sent were going to cost much because they are in vogue here in San Francisco.

Why do you want almonds? Are there none in Santa Barbara? Tell me if you want them with a hard or soft shell so I can send them as you wish.

Why did not Julia or Trinidad write to me, and for what reason does the latter want another [statue of the] Virgin Mary? Isn't one sufficient to take along to heaven?

My comadre *is well but I have not yet greeted her in your name, for I have not seen her for some days.*

How are our children? I have a great desire to see them together with yourself, but as far as I can tell I cannot fulfill my desire until the end of April at the earliest. God's will be done.

Do not forget to think of your old man and pray to God for him.

Sacramento, January 3, 1861

My dear little old lady:

Last evening I received your letter in which I learned of your poor Christmastide. I myself have not gone through a better one. I passed the days in bed with a bad cold and cough, and since it rained so much on that day, I did not wish to expose myself to a worsening condition, so I remained in bed all day.

The Misa de Galo[33] *took place in the cathedral. It was a grand thing to see the great throng of people and to admire the singing and the music. I have seen much of this which was good, but I think that I have never seen its equal before. At various times during the Mass I thought of you and the others when you were in the festive spirit of Los Pastores[34] yet I commiserated with them in that moment because I thought I was very close to heaven hearing angelic music.*

I am sorry about your aches and pains and those of the others, but I trust in God that all are well and happy, for I am now recovered from my cold which forced me to lay over in San Francisco longer than I had anticipated.

I told you that I had not been able to find the game for Pancha[35] but when I return I shall make a further attempt to find it if I can, and then I shall send the pillow, for to send it from here would cost quite a bit.

Greetings to all and take care of yourself and think of your old man who loves you.

Three letters follow: December 22, 1860, January 20, 1861, and August 24, 1861, all from San Francisco. In the first he mentions medicine for Paulina, so much rain in San Francisco that he felt he had "become a duck." In the second he complains of physical discomforts and congratulates his wife: "Now you know you are the lieutenant governor's wife so that you

have a title."[36] In the third he states his health is good and does not know when he can return.

San Francisco, August 28, 1861

My dear little old lady:

Since God our Lord has decreed to deprive us of our little daughter,[37] how sad it is, my dear beloved one. But God disposes things according to His divine will and we must not do anything more than reverence His high dispositions.

Yesterday, as a man, I cried over my daughter, but as a Christian I am resigned to the will of God, and I offer my sorrow for the glory of my daughter. I hope that you are doing the same and that you do not allow yourself the full extent of your grief.

[He adds that because of the state of his health he does not write more]. Take great care of yourself and look to the fact that you are worth more than all the rest. Goodbye, my dear old lady. Console yourself, take care of yourself, and pray to God for your old man who loves you very, very much.

San Francisco, September 3, 1861

My dear little old lady:

The other day I wrote you a few lines which I could scarcely write because of a headache, but now I feel better, thanks be to God, and in Him I place my trust that you and all the others are in good health.

My beloved, I suppose you are resigned as much as possible to the sudden death of our dear child which, while it is most bitter in one sense, is nevertheless a consolation to know that God called her and took her from this world, which every day becomes more corrupt and miserable. Now we have an innocent soul closer to the throne of God who is praying for you and me, prayers which we will need in order to sustain in a Christian manner so many bitter experiences that surround us on this earth. So offer to God the sacrifice of your sorrow for the greater glory of your daughter, and try to take care of yourself. I do not know when I can see you. I hope to leave on the next ship, which I will probably have the opportunity to do. Goodbye, my beloved. Take care of yourself and your children and pray to God for your old man.

The following letters have been condensed with brief statements of the interesting items:

San Francisco, January 25, 1862. "Sugar, tea and coffee and everything eatable are so costly that such high prices have never been seen in California."

An undated letter states: "Tell me something, why do you not write to me? It appears that whenever the ship arrives you are always sick in the head. Can you not write a day or two ahead and have the letter ready in anticipation? *Vamos*, you do not love me as I love you. Is this not true?"

Los Angeles, September 2, 1863. Pablo complains that he receives no letters from Josefa nor from their daughters. He has just returned from San Bernardino and will soon set out for San Diego.

Los Angeles, May 17, 1864. He has just received Josefa's letter and writes: "Moments before I decided to marry a young woman, for I considered you to be dead and myself a widower because of your very long silence, but finally I learned that you are alive and well and so is the family. Thanks be to God." Francisca and Elena[38] write letters to him. He will see Josefa at the beginning of June.

Los Angeles, September 25, 1864. He complains of not receiving letters. He visited the De la Guerra boys in army service at San Pedro.[39]

Los Angeles, February 7, 1865. A windstorm at Los Angeles and San Fernando caused damage. At San Fernando fifty olive trees were uprooted. At Los Angeles, oranges were blown off trees and in some cases roofs off houses.

Los Angeles, February 19, 1865. He is sending cigars, oranges and other items.

Los Angeles, April 30, 1865. On his arrival from San Diego, Josefa should obtain money from Francisco.[40]

Los Angeles, May 13, 1865

My dear little old lady:

You will again see on the reverse side of my last letter that it was received when the post office was closed. This is explained by the fact that the coachman forgot to hand over the mail on time. Although I believe you will receive this on the road, I am sending it on nevertheless, together with the items you ordered, sashes, silk, broaches, hooks and eyes, and matches. Buttons are not among the items, for they are for my underwear and you can sew them on when here, but if they are to be used on some other items, I do not know what particular kind you want.

Since the coach arrived yesterday and you did not write to me, I came to believe you would be arriving by carriage and that consequently you would arrive somewhat later, but you fooled me. It is very probable that if you come by stagecoach, you will arrive when I am in court. But if you let me know when I can expect you I will leave the keys at the Bella Union[41] *where the stagecoach stops. But if you come in a carriage you can stop by the courthouse and I will give you the keys there. All are well. Greetings and pray to God for your old man.*

P. S. I am in court session from 10 A.M. until 1 P.M. and from 2 to 6 P.M. I tell you this so that upon your arrival you will know where I am.

Los Angeles, Sunday night [c. 1865]

My dear old lady:

At this moment I received your desired letter and I offer you my compliments. Since today is Sunday I cannot buy the three [pairs of?] shoes, but I will see to it that they are sent to you by stagecoach on Wednesday.

There are days when I go to preside at court at nine in the morning and do not leave until six and at times eleven at night, so I leave with a weary head and a very tired body, having to sit so long, but today I took a walk for two hours over the hills with my comadre *as a companion. How's that?*

I believe I shall be able to go by stagecoach on Friday, but I am not quite sure. Greetings to all and pray to God for your old man.

P. S. Antonio Maria arrived this morning. He is well and will return tomorrow. Trinidad has been in bed for several days, got up yesterday and today is feeling fine. Give kisses to Cuata and Herminia[42] *and to the great wild Holofernes.*[43] *Give him a good nudge for me. Tell Julia I received her thanks for the lemons. Goodbye.*

Los Angeles, August 4, 1865

My dear old lady:

By today's stagecoach I expected an answer to the letter I wrote to you on Monday as well as a pair of drawers of the kind I asked you to send by way of the same stagecoach, but Bebeleche,[44] *who arrived here today, tells me he passed by Simi*[45] *at three o'clock in the morning and all were asleep. I also knew that Cuchichito*[46] *was in Santa Barbara and that he will come in a day or two.*

As I indicated in my earlier letter, if you decide to come here let me know ahead of time what you need and who will be coming with you so that I can have everything ready for you before your arrival. It is important that you do not bring more than one of the girls with you, since I shall not be able to accommodate two.

This morning the sad news arrived that Don Joaquin Ortega,[47] *Trinidad's father, was killed by a horse and died the night before last at the San Pascual Ranch,*[48] *and that the remains will be brought here tomorrow. I went to see Trinidad immediately after I learned of the tragedy this morning, but she is still sleeping. I will see her as soon as I finish the court session. What a tragedy! Please advise Miguel*[49] *if he should be there.*

I have just been to see Trinidad and found her more accepting of the news than I expected. Who knows how she will react when the corpse arrives? I was going to write to Miguel, but Trinidad told me that Don Agustin[50] *was going to write to him.*

Write to me and send me some drawers by way of the stagecoach. Pray to God for your old man.

Two letters follow from Los Angeles: September 21, 1865, and another undated but probably the same year. The first deals with a shipment of oil *(aceite)*, the second with the long hours in court, meeting Antonio Maria, and Trinidad's illness.

Other letters from Los Angeles for 1865 and 1866 are the following:

January 21, 1865, on the death of José Antonio,[51] on sending garments and on the need of the girls to be home by ten o'clock at night.

January 24, 1866, on his busy life and bad health. Feb. 8, 1866, on sending 100 oranges.

February 11, 1866, deploring lack of news, on sending oranges and on taking a walk on the heights.

February 28, 1866, writing that he will stop at Santa Barbara on the way to San Luis Obispo.

March 31, 1866, on his arrival in Los Angeles on Holy Thursday, and that he will be going to San Bernardino in a few days.

Los Angeles, February 4, 1866

My dear old lady:

Yesterday I received your letter of the day before and learned that you were displeased with the cape because of its color, but the fault was not yours for I could not obtain a finer one. When I chose it I regarded rather its utility than its showiness. This is what I believe people like yourself ought to obtain — things that are useful, not primarily pretty. But now I see that, although you may be old in years, you do not wish to be so in taste. God's will be done.

Although today is Sunday, Clotilda[52] *and I are going to see if we can find some kind of cap for Doña Delfina.*[53] *I already have a set of cups so that the chocolate lady can take her chocolate. If I can find them I shall send them by ship. Also I shall try to see if I can send some oranges. They are so sour that I could not eat even one of them, but since you ladies have palates of wood and teeth of copper, it might be that they will not be displeasing to you.*

Since my arrival I have been busy on the case of the killer of Carlisle,[54] *and up until yesterday at noon it appeared that the man was to be freed. May God dispose of all.*

My cousin Refugio[55] *and my* comadre *return to you their affectionate salutations and say that they hope you will continue to think of them as they think of you. What are old Julia and her whole army doing? Perhaps all have died, since I do not hear them mentioned. If perhaps one of that clan is still alive, give him or her my regards and ask them why they do not greet me.*

Here it has rained plentifully and the skies are still cloudy, so I believe we will have a very flowery and beautiful spring.

You say that you will come to take care of me. I say to you that if indeed you think you can come without neglecting the children, I would be very happy if you came only for a few days so that I could take you to the theater, if only once. If you think you can come, let me know how you plan to get here and I shall tell you if I like your plan.

Greet all the people and pray to God for your old man.

P. S. Clotilda and I just returned from the stores but we did not find a cap or hat for Doña Cuata that was worth the trouble, so instead I am forwarding two pieces of clothing, one for each. I do not know if they will arrive in good condition, but I believe you know how to fix them up. I will send everything when the ship goes up.

San Luis Obispo, March 16 [c. 1866]

My beloved old lady:

I arrived here on Saturday about five o'clock in the afternoon after twenty hours of travel in a coach without cover or back support, but on a seat on which it was impossible to sleep because at the least lurch one was in danger of falling to the floor, and thus it happened that I have never felt so crippled. In addition to this I have developed a boil at the waist so that I could not move about well.

I have not yet seen our parents for they have not yet arrived, nor have I departed from here, but probably on Sunday I shall go to see them. I know that they are well.

I shall not be able to leave here until the 25th or 26th, and since I will have to be in San Bernardino by the third of next month I will not be able to be with you for more than one or two days. God's will be done. Greetings to all, take care of the children, and pray to God for your old man.

Los Angeles, April 24, 1866

My dear old lady:

I must give you the disappointing news that yesterday, with Clotilda and Chonita, I went to see the Forsters[56] *to arrange the matter between Francisca and the ladies. I was told that it would be impossi-*

ble to receive her in their home for they do not have even a single room unoccupied in their house. They had been thinking about taking in some girls, for they were planning to add more rooms, but because they made no additions they can now receive no one. So Francisca cannot come to stay with them.

The Sisters,[57] *according to Clotilda, do not teach very well, especially music. However, if you and Francisco would wish her to be placed with the Sisters, advise me soon. If I could go to San José I would take her with me, but I do not know whether I can go, so I am unsure. However, talk the matter over with Francisco and advise me concerning your conclusions.*

Here we have been roasting for three days, and even now at eight o'clock in the evening I am perspiring with my jacket off, so I cannot even write.

How is Antonio Maria? I am told he looks even older than I. Is that true? Tell him to write something to me if he is able.

Next Sunday the last function will take place at the theater. Oh, if you could come next Friday we could see together a performance in Spanish. I cannot write more because the paper is sticking to my hand from perspiration. Greetings to all and I hope the blind one is better and Cuata is more aggressive. May all things go well with you. Pray to God for your old man.

A letter from Los Angeles, April 29, 1866, continues concerning the placement of Francisca, and he will try to take her to San José after finishing his judicial work at San Luis Obispo and San Bernardino. He invites Josefa to come to Los Angeles to join him at the theater. He tells of his going to dances, the theater, picnics and other diversions.

A letter from Los Angeles, May 13, 1866 [?] tells of his stomach ailments. He is sending paper for writing as well as for smoking.

Another from Los Angeles, probably 1866 but with the date May 16, concerns Josefa's coming to see him. From nine in the morning he is in court session without eating, drinking or smoking "until this minute, which is eight in the evening, when I go to eat."

A letter from Los Angeles, June 17, 1866, states he could not leave the city as early as he had anticipated. He chides Josefa again for not writing. Trinidad and Tuna are at Camulos.

Another letter from Los Angeles, December 21, 1866, tells of his arrival from San Bernardino, his dental work, and urges Josefa to tell Julio, an old man in Santa Barbara "that now there is a method for pulling two or three teeth and replacing them with a complete denture both uppers and lowers . . . For me the dentist replaced four molars and a tooth for $30, all uppers. I believe that for $60 or $70 a dentist could fix for him an entire new set of teeth." He will be going to San Diego.

A letter from San Bernardino, April 7, 1866, upon his arrival at Santa Barbara and near departure for San Diego, asks Josefa to send letters to Los Angeles since the stagecoach goes to San Diego only once a week. He inquires about Elena's[58] eyes.

A letter from Los Angeles, April 15 [c. 1866] on his arrival from San Bernardino and his near departure for San Diego by stagecoach "with great reluctance." He is writing from the Olvera house, and inquires about the blindness of the chocolate lady at Santa Barbara. He is going to the theater.

Another letter from Los Angeles, September 28, 1866, reveals Pablo's arrival from San Bernardino and his going to San Diego. He inquires concerning Antonio Maria and the ladies.

From San Diego, October 9, 1866, Pablo writes again, chiding his wife for her silence: "Sometimes I have even thought that perhaps you had died, and then I considered who would be a good person to replace you." He expects to be in San Diego for about a month. He describes San Diego as "a desert." On the following day he receives a letter from Josefa by steamer and answers it immediately.

From Los Angeles on November 9, he writes sending money and shoes, and another letter of November 17 continues in the same vein, as also a following letter of November 23.

San Luis Obispo, August 9, 1867

My dear old lady:

I arrived here at five in the morning Monday, so crippled and yet awake, and on the same day I had to begin to work. Every day I open court at eight in the morning and after a short respite at noon, I continue in court until six or seven in the evening. Today is Friday and the litigation which began Monday continues and I have no idea when it will conclude. I only know that by the third of September I shall have to be in San Bernardino.

On the day of my arrival I saw your mother. She seemed a little thin and told me that your father is well. I have also seen Luis and he is well. We have experienced warm days here but today is like one of those days in Monterey, foggy and very pleasant.

I do not wish that you allow Carlos to go out much or that you even allow him to join in with other boys. Be careful of this matter and tell him not to go out but to study and review what he has studied.

The 19th will be the feast day of St. Louis, and already people are enclosing the plaza for the bulls. They already have a bear in a cage. The church within and without is well painted and ornamented for the religious feast of the patron's day and the beautiful ladies are busy preparing their dresses de gala, *etc. in order to shine in the great ball which will be given on that day. So I believe it will be a memor-*

able day and, though I believed I would not be here then, I now see that business matters will force me to stay here and we will see how the people of San Luis Obispo will conduct themselves on their great festive day.

How are you getting along in the heat of Los Angeles and with regard to other matters? How is the renacuajo *[swarm of frogs], Cuata, etc., etc.? How is everyone? Give greetings to each one. Tell Mariquita*[59] *that there is a doctor here who cures with definite certainty all heart ailments. Also tell Chonita that there is an Indian woman here who is old and who has an infallible secret remedy for fattening the legs and enlarging the breasts, but who wants to be paid. So if she is interested in the matter and wants to use it, I can pay for the treatment here and she can pay me there wih a certain thing which if now she is not very stout I can make her stout with the secret I have and which I believe is good not only for the legs and the breasts but also for . . . the certain thing with which she could repay me for so useful a secret. Tell me if she is interested in the secret to write to me soon for the Indian woman is very old and could die on any day and could carry this very reliable secret to the grave.*[60] *Pray to God for your old man, take care of our children until we see each other again.*

P. S. There are some lawyers here from Monterey and they urge me to take a vacation with them to my old country. They tell me that there they think highly of me and truthfully I am tempted to go, but since Chonita does not accompany me to revive memories there, I shall probably not go. I am writing this during today's session while I am listening to declarations of witnesses so that I hardly know what I have written nor what I am writing, so who knows if you can read or understand this. Tell Francisca and Elena that they should have the girls read every day, for if I return and find them not advanced, they will have to pay for their neglect. Goodbye.

San Luis Obispo, August 19, 1867

My beloved old lady:

I am writing this letter to you in the middle of the noise and shouting of the boys, men, old people and women, for at every turn or attack the bull makes there is a general shout and unfortunately the house where I am writing is on the very plaza itself and so I am hardly able to write.

Up until now, which is four o'clock in the afternoon, the fiesta has been moving along and not too badly. The church function in honor of St. Louis was very splendid, for never have the people seen six priests participating at the Mass. The church was truly filled with people. There was so much light [candles?], incense and heat that

one suffered. Your mother and Ramona[61] *have spoken of nothing else but the beauty of the Mass and the neatness of the church. I have not seen your father since the Mass. God grant that he has not had too good a time, for he has money in his pocket. There are two dances scheduled for tonight, although I do not think I shall participate in either, since I have not been feeling well for four days now and have been taking medicine. Today, however, I am feeling better . . .*

P. S. Perhaps I shall leave here Thursday to see José Antonio[62] *if I can go to Los Alamos.*[63] *He has been ill for a long time and this may be his final illness, for which reason I cannot tell you when I can see you with certainty.*

A letter from Santa Barbara to Josefa, who is at some undisclosed place, June 28, 1868, speaks of the examination taken by Francisca and Carlos. He speaks of a certain Andrés.

Santa Barbara, December 28 [probably 1867]

My dear old lady:

Last Sunday I arrived here from the south in a violent storm, and on a sea that appeared to engulf the ship, but finally God saw to it that there was no incident more serious than arriving soaked to the skin.

Here it has rained excessively but the waters have not done much damage. However, in San Buenaventura they say the river has carried away several houses. El Barbaro of Juan Maria[64] *will recount the San Buenaventura downpour to you, since he passed through there when the river was at its crest.*[65]

Antonio Maria is pretty ill. Otherwise there is nothing new. Greetings to all and best wishes to you for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Pablo de la Guerra is at your service.

County Clerk's Office,
San Luis Obispo, January 11, 1870

My dear old lady:

At last I can write to you with some hope that this letter will reach you, for now I can go to the waterfront and hope to send this to you by the first steamboat that passes by here, even though this letter may have to arrive by way of San Francisco.

I arrived at the embarcadero on the morning of the 29th and after a thousand risks in embarking I found that I could not get into town because the arroyo which has to be passed could not be crossed, so after five days on the beach I attempted to come here — nine miles

away almost — by swimming, but thanks be to God I passed through without any more terror.

Not since the third have we had any news from San Francisco. We are as if isolated from the world. From Monterey we heard that the large drain overflowed so much that it inundated the houses of Cooper,[66] Alvarado[67] and Don David[68] and that somewhat further down by the Montenegro house[69] the people were swimming. Never before had anything like this happened.

Nothing in particular has happened here and I hope to God nothing has happened there. At three o'clock in the afternoon the day before yesterday it stopped raining here and yesterday and today have been beautiful. Greetings to all and pray to God for your old man who loves you.

I wish all of you a Happy New Year. Amen.

A letter follows from San Bernardino, January 17, 1870, where he had been for some time. He complains about his poor health. Next is a letter from San Luis Obispo, September 5, 1871, wherein he states he might expect her to come there. He suggests that the way by Gaviota would be the better road. Ramona is near death and has been brought from Piedra Blanca. It appeared she had dropsy. He tells Josefa that if she is coming north she should lock the entire house. Carlos is not to go to town but rather to stay at the mission.

San Francisco, February 3, 1872

My dear old lady:

I arrived here without incident at eleven o'clock today. For about an hour I felt as one lost because of the many changes since I was last here, although it is certain that perhaps today or tomorrow it will be only eight years since I was here last.

I had a great desire to go ashore last night at Monterey, but we arrived there at 10:30 and it was dark and foggy. Moreover, the captain remained only an hour so I was deprived of the pleasure of touching the ground of Monterey.

Now that I am here I intend to go to Sacramento the day after tomorrow to see how the legislators are doing, and upon returning I shall go to see Mr. Dibblee's brother[70] because tomorrow is Sunday and I believe they do not visit or receive others on that day . . .

There are two more letters that bear no year but only the dates January 14 and September 23rd. Both are quite short and unimportant, concerning travel, money for the household, regards to family, and importantly, the expectation of an addition to the family.



The piazza of the De la Guerra house circa 1874. Seated at far end are Josefa with Carlos, Delfina and Herminia. The shorter of the two women standing, left, is Josefa's daughter Francisca, wife of Thomas B. Dibblee; the taller is one of the daughters of Pablo's brother Francisco, who stands at the right. Seated is Antonio Maria.

NOTES

1. The feast of St. Joseph is celebrated on March 19. Spaniards celebrated their saint's day as *día onamástico* rather than their birthday. However, the two were close together because of early baptism, often within a day or two after birth. Most often one of the names given a child was the name of a saint whose day was on the child's birthday or day of baptism.

2. This is a refrain that is carried through a number of Pablo's letters. Only two of Josefa's letters survive in the De la Guerra Collection, although internal evidence of Pablo's own letters indicates there were more.

3. Pablo was actually only thirty-two. Perhaps in jest and familiarity he referred to himself as "your old man" and to Josefa as "my dear old lady."

4. Maria Antonia, the captain's daughter and Pablo's sister. She married Cesareo Lataillade, and after his death Gaspar de Oreña. Thompson Ms, Santa Barbara Mission Archives (Hereinafter abbreviated SBMA).

5. A cousin of Pablo, but of cousins he had many. Identity not certain.

6. Pablo's daughter, Maria Francisca Antonia, born September 21, 1849.

7. Since the De la Guerra house was full of servants, there were nursemaids at hand to take care of the younger children. The child was not away in the sense of a day nursery.

8. *Comadre* means godmother in baptism. Like *compadre*, godfather, the term was used also in a wider sense for close relationships. I find no Matilda as godmother in Santa Barbara for a baptism, so the event must have taken place somewhere else.

9. William Hartnell.

10. Manuela, a daughter of Manuel Jimeno and Angustias de la Guerra, was married to Captain Alfred A. Sully of the U. S. Army. Langdon Sully, *No Tears for the General. The Life of Alfred Sully, 1821-1879*, (Palo Alto, 1974), pp. 61-63.

11. This cryptic, unexplained statement by De la Guerra would appear somewhat naive were it not for a letter sent by Sully to his sister, Blanche, of Philadelphia, April 30, 1851. The story of Manuela's death is told by Sully, *op. cit.*, 69-70. Some oranges had been presented to her. She asked Sully whether she could eat them. Sully himself questioned whether she should. However her mother, Angustias and Dr. Ord opined that it would be all right. Sometime afterward vomiting began and Manuela died on the following day. The rumor in Monterey was that she had been sent poisoned oranges by a disappointed lover. Captain Sully says nothing about this. The present translator submitted this incident to a physician who declared that the orange, if not poisoned, had nothing to do with what followed. Death may have been caused by a stroke or a blood clot, the vomiting being a concomitant symptom. The popular rumor may be discounted.

12. Nickname for Maria Antonia. Thompson Ms. See note 4.

13. For many years, since California was bilingual, the state's laws were translated from English into Spanish. SBMA has copies of these between 1852 and 1872.

14. Reference is to Don Manuel Jimeno Casarin, who died in Mexico City late in December of 1853. De la Guerra Collection. Pablo was informed of Jimeno's death by Antonio Maria de la Guerra in a letter of January 31, 1854. De la Guerra Collection.

15. Francisca Castro.

16. Unidentified nickname.

17. *Cuata* is a female twin. The person is not identified.

18. Francis Mellus, brother of Henry Mellus, a native of Boston who came to California in 1839. H. H. Bancroft, *Pioneer Register and Index*, p. 737.

19. Wife of Miguel de la Guerra.

20. Pablo's brother, born at Santa Barbara in 1825. He was later mayor of the city, became a member of the California legislature and a captain during the Civil War.

21. Angustias de la Guerra, Pablo's sister, had married Manuel Jimeno at Santa Barbara in 1833. He died in Mexico City after a separation from Angustias. She went to Mexico to resolve certain legal matters relative to Jimeno's estate. Pablo kept an interesting account of his trip to Mexico and Cuba which is extant in the De la Guerra Collection. He also wrote a letter to his brother Antonio Maria from Mazatlán on the same day he wrote to Josefa. De la Guerra Collection.

22. Pablo's son Carlos, born on July 10, 1852.

23. Evidently a nickname for Carlos.

24. The reference must be to Anita de la Guerra de Robinson, who read Prescott's works to perfect her English.

25. Unidentifiable.

26. Nicknames of various servants in the De la Guerra household.

27. Pablo's daughter, born March 25, 1855, baptized on the 28th. A twin brother was apparently dead. Doctors Ord and Shaw were in attendance.

28. Alfred Robinson, husband of Anita de la Guerra, Pablo's sister.

29. José Abrejo, a trader who came to California from Mexico in 1834 and who opened a store in Monterey. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 686.

30. Pablo's father, the captain, José de la Guerra.

31. A native of Massachusetts who came to California by ship several times and finally settled here. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 747.

32. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo of Sonoma. He married Francisca Carrillo.

33. The midnight Mass held at Christmas. So called because of cockcrow in the early hours of the morning.

34. The traditional California religious Christmas play continued in various California towns of strong Hispanic lineage far into the early American period. The SBMA has a version of the play in the hand of Pablo de la Guerra. Two letters from Antonio Maria de la Guerra to Pablo state that *Los Pastores* was enacted in Santa Barbara on January 7, 1860, and December 27, 1860.

35. Pablo's daughter Francisca.

36. Pablo became lieutenant governor when, as president of the senate, he replaced lieutenant governor Downey on the latter's accession to the post of governor.

37. Paulina de la Guerra, age 7, was buried on May 16, 1861. Entry No. 1679, Book of Burials, No. 1. SBMA.

38. Elena, Pablo's daughter, born May 6, 1857 and baptized Ana Maria Elena.

39. Santiago de la Guerra and Porfirio Jimeno were serving in the army at Drum Barracks. Several letters from them to the folks in Santa Barbara are extant in the De la Guerra Collection.

40. Francisco de la Guerra, Pablo's brother.

41. The Bella Union was the Los Angeles pioneer hostelry. It was located on South Main Street about a block and a half south of the Plaza. W. W. Robinson, *Los Angeles from the Days of the Pueblo* (San Francisco, 1959), pp. 8 and 44.

42. Herminia was Pablo's youngest daughter, born November 30, 1862. Cuata was Delfina's nickname. Thompson Ms.

43. His identity is not known. Holofernes evidently was his nickname. Reference is to the Biblical character, an Assyrian general, who treated the Jews cruelly. He was beheaded by Judith.

44. Literally "milk drinker," probably one of the De la Guerra boys but not identified.

45. The Simi Ranch, containing 113,000 acres, was originally granted to several members of the Pico family and was patented to José de la Guerra y Noriega on June 29, 1865. Robert G. Cowan, *Ranchos of California (Fresno, 1956)*, p. 98.

46. Nickname of Francisco de la Guerra, a younger brother of Pablo. Thompson Ms.

47. Probably a grandson of José Francisco Ortega, owner of Refugio Ranch. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 761.

48. In the Pasadena area of Los Angeles County. Cowan, *op. cit.*, 86.

49. Husband of Trinidad Ortega.

50. Doubtless Agustin Olvera after whom Olvera Street in Los Angeles is named.

51. José Antonio was a very common name in Spanish California and this individual is not identifiable.

52. A daughter of Francisco de la Guerra, born May 9, 1839.

53. Daughter of Pablo, born March 21, 1861.

54. Robert Carlisle, son-in-law of Isaac Williams, owner of the Chino Ranch, was shot to death on July 6, 1866, by Frank and Houston King, brothers of Los Angeles Under-Sheriff A. J. King, following an argument. Carlisle managed to kill Frank before Houston finished off Carlisle. Houston was tried for murder but was acquitted.

55. Not identifiable.

56. The Forsters, of English origin, held the ex-mission lands of San Juan Capistrano.

57. The Sisters of Charity arrived in Los Angeles on January 5, 1856, where they established an orphan asylum and a day school. Thompson & West, *History of Los Angeles County* (Oakland, 1880), p. 72.

58. Pablo's daughter, born May 6, 1857.

59. Not identifiable.

60. I submitted this item to a Spanish-born physician practicing psychiatry in Southern California who declared that in his opinion Pablo is writing in jest, and that his remarks fit in very well with a Spanish sense of humor with regard to the matters touched upon.

61. In a letter of May 4, 1872, Antonio Maria de la Guerra, writing to Pablo, states that he thought the relationship between "the widow Ramona" and Pablo was that of second cousin, since Ramona's father and Antonio Maria's mother (Josefa Moreno) were first cousins. De la Guerra Documents. The person probably referred to was Ramona Pacheco, whom Angustias de la Guerra calls "cousin." Thompson Ms.

62. See note 51.

63. One of the family ranches.

64. Unidentified.

65. The flood at Ventura is described in Thompson & West, *History of Santa Barbara County* (Oakland, 1883), p. 352.

66. John Roger Cooper, seaman, who became a resident of Monterey in 1826 and engaged in trade. He died in San Francisco in 1872. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 765-766.

67. Juan Bautista Alvarado (1809-1882), native of California and governor from 1836 to 1842. Biography may be found in Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 693-694.

68. David Spence, native of Scotland, who came to California in 1824 and became involved in business and politics. He lived until 1868. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 730-731.

69. Eugenio Montenegro, a Mexican corporal at Monterey where he was a custom house guard and held other subsequent positions. Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 743.

70. Albert Dibblee of San Francisco. *Family Notes by Thomas B. Dibblee, Santa Barbara, Cal., 1882.* De la Guerra Document, SBMA. The author, Thomas, was a native of New York City, born April 3, 1823. He was a lawyer and came to California in 1859. Here he became a rancher and settled in Santa Barbara about 1870. He died on November 21, 1895. *Daily News*, Santa Barbara. He was the husband of Pablo's daughter Francisca.